THE LIVING AGE

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SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1925

'Steady, England!'

BY

STANLEY BALDWIN

Going to Jerusalem

What Shall I Read?

BY

ALDOUS HUXLEY

On Disliking Dickens

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY

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THE LIVING AGE

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THIS WEEK

Not until Coolidge begins quoting Gene Debs and William Z. Foster will he have duplicated the feat of *Stanley Baldwin*, who takes an interminable passage from the works of that exquisite Fabian, Mr. Sidney Webb, as the text for one of his speeches. The passage in its entirety reads as follows: 'The inevitability of gradualness.' What the Tory Prime Minister meant to say was that England must, in the words of Mark Hanna, stand pat. Revolution is out of the question. Men, as every good American knows, are not born either free or equal. Baldwin has been called a Revivalist, but not in the trombone-playing sense. He believes that Capital and Labor should pull together, and that the best service the statesman can do is not to monkey with the works.

❦ ❦ ❦

No, the *Living Age* is not an editorial office by day and a Klavern by night — look at *J. L. Garvin's* history of the Jews. Going back to the pre-Christian days, the editor of the *Observer* — himself an Irishman and no Kluxer — recounts the curious fortunes of the ancestors of Karl Marx and Lord Beaconsfield. To-day, as any Pogrom-practitioner will tell you, the Jews are in supreme command of both the Capitalist and Socialist armies. In Russia they are running the Government; here they have a strangle hold on the show business. It's the same difference.

❦ ❦ ❦

It is too bad that we could not have smuggled the urbane *Mr. Arthur Bingham Walkley* and the elegant *Aldous Huxley* into one of our Slavic Carnival Weeks when none of the contributors have shaved and few have washed for a month or more. It would have been illuminating for all concerned. But choosers must not be beggars, and we are glad to get Messrs. Huxley and Walkley at any time. As for their articles, the former tells us that the best book to read on a journey is any volume of the Encyclopædia Britannica. It is, he says, like traveling with a fairly well-informed but extremely positive lunatic whose association of ideas operates on a purely alphabetical basis. Mr. Walkley then enters the caboose with a suave protest against Dickens. It is witty and sound criticism, marred only by an admiration for the calm courage of Quiller-Couch in refusing to pigeonhole great writers.

❦ ❦ ❦

Martha was a little English flapper, not so very different, except for her British good breeding, from her ignorant transatlantic cousin. One day Martha's mother slipped on a banana peel and was rescued by a young man, whom she promptly asked around to the house and introduced to her daughter. The two young people were soon keeping company, as young people will, and the first thing the young man knew he had proposed. As Martha's heart grew warmer his feet grew colder, and when she rushed around to the church for the wedding it was touch and go whether the groom would show up or not. To make a long story short, he did.

❦ ❦ ❦

Many of our older readers will feel that it is too bad for a nice magazine like the *Living Age* to compete with Mr. Hearst in popularizing National Crime-wave Week. Our blackmail feature, however, is anything but gruesome. The legal fraternity can learn from it how they order these matters in England, and any of our readers who are becoming bored with married life can learn how to get out of the fire back into the frying-pan again.

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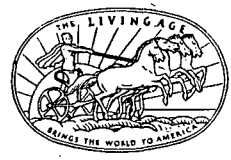

A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE TRANSATLANTIC MONEY PUZZLE

It is no news — and in any case no surprise — that the English Government's preparation to return to the gold standard meets with vigorous opposition. Great Britain is repeating — under very different conditions, to be sure — her experience of more than a century ago and our own experience after the Civil War. Professor Hermant of L'École Supérieure Commerciale et Consulaire, writing in the French Conservative *L'Opinion*, believes that this experience has been a godsend to the United States during the present financial world crisis: —

That country exhibits better than any other the parallel development of public and private finance, the bond that unites the prosperity of the national treasury with the wealth of the nation itself. A sort of benign providence seems to have presided over her financial history. After carrying for thirty years the debts left by the Civil War, after debating in every general campaign the arguments pro and con for hard money and soft money, having thought out even at the workbench and on the forum the advantages and disadvantages of what we call to-day devaluation and revalorization of money, and last of all, having chosen the second and found it good, her people have been thoroughly educated regarding the monetary puzzles that preoccupy the rest of the world to-day but that until 1914 were almost unknown in Europe. It was the great good fortune of the United States to have had its monetary crisis before the rest of us, and to be able to watch with an eye wise from experience what has occurred on the old continent. That explains why its Government and its people have steered their course with such certainty and assurance through the difficulties of our present era.

Among the protestants against a return to the gold standard in Great Britain are men of all political schools, from Liberal economists like Keynes to ultra-Conservatives who wax indignant at anything that looks like following America. 'The City' — that is, the London financial centre whose heart is the Bank of England — favors a return to gold, while Manchester and the industrial North would prefer just enough inflation to stimulate exports by keeping production costs at a low level. The Council of the Manchester Association of Importers and Exporters sent the

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Chancellor of the Exchequer a letter only a few days before the New York arrangements for financing Great Britain's return to gold were announced, protesting against hasty action. The first thing to be aimed at, in the opinion of this body, was a stable currency and credit policy designed to last a considerable length of time, which would allow prices gradually to meet at their natural level — that is, to return automatically to pound and dollar parity under the operation of economic forces. The Council argued that Great Britain, being the only Free Trade country, might become a dumping-ground for the goods of the inflation countries as soon as the pound was restored to its gold value, and that furthermore Great Britain, being now a debtor country, would by this action 'fall into a subordinate position where monetary and financial conditions in the United States would become the determining factor in fixing her rate of interest.'

J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, whose present ill health possibly predisposes him to gloomy presages, argues for cheap money as follows: —

It is in my opinion to the interest of this country that gold should be cheap. The cheaper it is the less the burden of our debt to America, for we can pay it in gold. But if you want to buy a commodity cheap you do not take risks and make sacrifices to 'support' the market. Your tendency, I should imagine, would be the other way. But if we are to tell the world that we are always buyers of gold,— that is, establish a free market in gold here,—up must go the value of gold. We ought to teach the world — as indeed we have up till now been doing, by example if not by precept — that you can get on quite nicely without gold. Then gold will cease to be overvalued as a necessity to commerce, and its price will fall. America as the great holder of gold may be surprised, but that is her business, not ours. She is, at any rate, in no need of our help. Her pecuniary burdens are relatively so light that she can afford to use gold ornaments. In a word, we don't want to be the unloading-ground for America's overspeculations in gold, as is now proposed by our devotees of gold and parity.

Americans may be interested in recalling that our own industrialists, 'Pig Iron Kelly' and the spokesmen of the American Iron and Steel Association, were cheap-money men at one period when our country was slowly struggling back to a resumption of specie payment.

In France, of course, the situation is much more serious. Her debt is incomparably heavier than was that of the United States after the Civil War relatively to the respective resources of the two countries, particularly when we consider that she has reached an approximately static stage of economic development as compared with the intensely dynamic and expansive stage of the United States in the sixties and seventies. Roland Atkinson, the Paris correspondent of the London *Sunday Times*, summarizes this indebtedness as follows: —

The total internal debt with which the new Finance Minister has to grapple is over 278,000,000,000 francs. It is impossible to translate this accurately into sterling, for the purchasing power of the franc being greater than its exchange value, calculation on the present rate of exchange would make the total appear less than it is from the standpoint of purely French finance. Clearly it is a dead weight too great to be borne, and an attempt will have to be made to lop much of it off. It includes nearly 150,000,000,000 perpetual or long-term debt, 37,000,000,000 short-term, and nearly 92,000,000,000 floating debt — the actual amount of National Defense Bonds not being known within a few thousand millions. In addition, France owes the United States 74,000,000,000 francs, and Britain 54,000,000,000 francs on war debts,

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and some odd thousand millions on commercial debts.

Payment of the commercial debts is being executed regularly, and M. Caillaux is credited with the intention of effecting a settlement of the war debts after first ascertaining the precise amount France will be expected to pay. As interest on the internal debt absorbs 19,000,000,000 of the 36,000,000,000 or 37,000,000,000 which the Budget is calculated to produce, the right-hand pocket of the French citizen is being rifled to put something in his left-hand pocket, with the incidental loss of a considerable proportion of it en route in administrative expenses.

Jacques Bainville, in a collection of essays entitled *Heur et malheur des Français*, points out a rhythmic recurrence of financial and political phenomena in the same succession throughout the history of his country. A foreign crisis causes a financial crisis, and the financial crisis produces a domestic crisis of greater or lesser length and seriousness. After a period of turmoil the country craves order again, sets up an autocratic administration, and starts saving. Every revolution in France has been due to financial causes, and every financial crisis has had a foreign origin.

Society runs on tolerably well, because, after all, these are puzzles in which the pieces are tokens of wealth rather than wealth itself. Yet financial policies and private prosperity are closely related, as the American people have repeatedly discovered to their cost. Returning to Mr. Strachey, the present problem that presents itself in Great Britain is this: —

> There is a universal lack of the things that men desire — too little food, too little clothing, too few houses, too few gardens, too little tobacco, too few pleasures, too few of all the things which man requires for his material comfort. There is, in a word, a condition of scarcity, and consequently poverty; for the mass of mankind, who were not born ascetics and have not professed and called themselves hermits. If this scarcity were due to there being not enough man power in the world to produce a sufficiency of goods, the evil would appear to be without a remedy. We should be at the end of our tether. But a lack of man power to produce is not the trouble. The difficulty is to get the men who are ready and able to work set on work. This means that there is no absolute or essential scarcity such as occurs when there has been a destruction of the crops by frost, or flood, or locusts, or enemy action, or when pestilence has made it impossible to find men enough to till the fields. The modern problem, the new social disease of unemployment, — in old days what men wanted was bread, not work, — is due to no material failure. The workers stand ready. The Plant of Production was never so elaborate or so efficient. All the raw stuff of industry is waiting to be won. The wheels of industrial machinery will revolve the moment the word is given. But the word is not given.

The answer, he reasons, is that gold plays in the mechanism of trade the part that trucks play in industry, and when the truck breaks down industry also stalls.

> Unless you have sufficient trucks with which to get your goods away, you might just as well never have made them. That is what every manufacturer knows. It is of no use to manufacture or grow food if you have to leave your product piled up in warehouses far away from the would-be consumer.

Even Germany, whom many are inclined to regard as the star convalescent in the European hospital for economic maladies, is not really in as sound a condition, according to some professors of the gloomy science, as appears on the surface. The Conservative *Saturday Review* is as distrustful of the operation of the Dawes Plan there as was the Communist writer whose article we recently published in our columns. In its issue of April 4 it says: —

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Low wages, high prices, heavy taxation, are all explained in Germany by reference to the Dawes Plan, which the German worker is coming, however irrationally, more and more to regard as an instrument of tyranny. British workmen and employers are also watching with increasing suspicion the working of a scheme which artificially stimulates the exporting capacity of our chief rival while it restricts the purchasing power of the same country in its function as a large consumer of British goods.

It further endorses what Professor M. Bonn, 'one of the most clear-sighted economists of our time,' well known in the United States, where he has served as exchange professor and as lecturer at Williamstown, writes on this subject:—

'The purchasing power of the German people is to be diminished by two and a half milliard gold marks yearly. Taxes to that amount must be exported yearly instead of being expended in Germany. How? There is only one method: export of goods. Shall we export goods which others cannot produce? Our possibilities in this direction are severely limited. Well, then, we must export more cheaply. Great hopes are placed upon exports in kind. Yet these, too, will only be taken by our creditors if we produce them more cheaply than anyone else. Germany has got to become a cheap country.' Noting, then, that German industry is preparing to return to the pre-war system of high prices at home and low prices for export, he concludes: 'The attempt will be made to transfer the whole burden on to the workers. The balance of social power will at first permit it. But time will soon bring its revenge. We are on the threshold of intense political and economic struggles.'

*

EVOLVING RUSSIA

A Moscow correspondent of *Frankfurter Zeitung* writes that the transformation in Russian domestic policy during the last few months is inadequately appreciated abroad and even at home. Lenin was the first of the Bolshevist leaders to realize that the peasants would be the determining factor in the political as well as the economic future of the country; but he sought to win their support by purely economic concessions. Any measures that would satisfy the peasants, however, with their strong individualism, necessarily ran counter to Communist theories. Therefore Lenin's larger policy was to convert them gradually from individualism to Communism. That idea was behind his plan to electrify Russia — that is, to industrialize agriculture by placing electric light and power in every village, thus cultivating collective interests among the people. Another measure was to establish Communist farms on the old estates; and a third, more largely political than either of the former, was to place control of village affairs in the hands of the propertyless peasants, the so-called 'Councils of Village Poverty.'

All three of these schemes failed. The electrification of rural Russia is an undertaking requiring decades and probably centuries. The communal farms proved in most instances expensive failures, and only discredited Communist theories still further in the minds of the peasants. 'The Councils of Village Poverty,' composed for the most part of the least competent, forceful, and forehanded members of the community, were a source of weakness rather than strength to the Moscow Government.

Since Lenin's death Moscow's policy with regard to the peasant has vacillated, but with a growing realization that he is final master of the country's destiny. Meanwhile the peasants themselves, despite their apparent apathy, are moving forward and acquiring opinions and independent political interests of their own. They seem to have recovered control of the Co-

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operatives, which were never entirely wrested from their hands, and are thus maintaining and strengthening an economic state within the State. But the most important change, and the one that particularly characterizes the last few months, is the growing recognition of the peasant as a political factor in the government. In other words, the peasant is learning to use the Soviet machine to gain control of the country.

After seven years of the Soviet system we begin to see clearly that this very system is likely to prove an exceedingly convenient and adaptable form of government for Russia. In itself it does not necessarily involve Communism or Socialism. It is a container into which you can pour whatever you like. . . . The present contents are a dictatorship of the industrial proletariat controlled by the Communist Party. But any impartial eye can see that sooner or later this dictatorship will inevitably pass to that section of the people which is in an overwhelming majority, namely, the peasants. . . . And the peasant is already beginning to demand his seat in government councils. He will no longer be put off by purely economic concessions. Present political tendencies in Russia are therefore evolving slowly but steadily toward the domination of the Soviet machine by the agricultural population.

All this does not lessen the subterranean intriguing of the Third International, nor prevent the spread of contagion from that source to any part of Europe where the laws of economic hygiene are neglected. This possibility lends significance to the outcome of a conference held at London last month between representatives of the All-Russian Trade-Union Congress and the General Council of the British Trade-Union Congress, which resulted in a working understanding between these two bodies. British Labor, partly because Communism is not so serious a threat in the United Kingdom as elsewhere abroad, has been more tolerant toward the Bolshevist organizations than have trade-unions on the Continent. Organized Labor in Western Europe and Great Britain is incorporated through its national bodies in an alliance with headquarters at Amsterdam. That alliance has hitherto resolutely opposed negotiations — far more formal coöperation — with the 'Third International' unions that have their centre at Moscow. Consequently the recent action of British Labor, whose long-standing organization, wealth, and traditional trade-union discipline make it very influential at Amsterdam, is a matter of more than local importance. It raises an issue that European trade-unionists must solve at once, and that may create irreconcilable divisions within their ranks.

A great shifting of Soviet diplomats is apparently taking place. The Moscow Government's representative in Rome has been moved to Persia. Madame Kollontai has been recalled from Oslo, and Voykov is to be replaced in Warsaw, as the outcome of a recently discovered spy plot in Poland in which a member of his Legation was involved. Rumor has it that Trotskii, who for the *n*th time has been pardoned and restored to the good graces of his comrades, is being groomed for first Bolshevist ambassador to Washington if the United States unbends enough to receive one. Incidentally, the Trotskii faction is said to oppose the Third International's subversive tactics abroad, and to advocate more 'realist' methods of dealing with the world outside of Russia.

MINOR NOTES

THE Australian Commonwealth has given up the Government shipping-line established during the war in order to ensure tonnage for marketing Austra-

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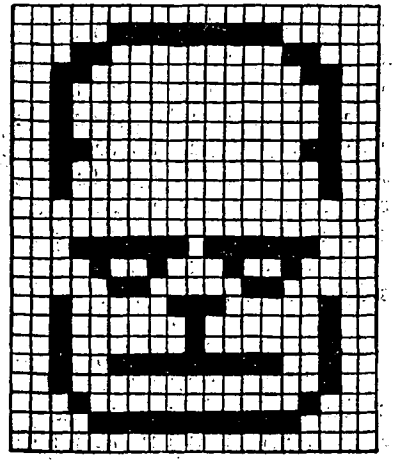
lian produce. After the war additional boats were built, partly for the purpose of bringing immigrants to the Commonwealth from Great Britain. Commenting upon the action of the Government, *Stead's Review* of Melbourne said: —

'The scheme as a whole was undoubtedly a good one, and deserved to succeed. But the material factors against it proved overwhelming. It is asserted that the running-costs were practically double those of the usual overseas lines. Any overseas liner on the Australian register starts with a very heavy handicap. It comes under the awards and conditions of the Commonwealth Arbitration Court, and that means much higher wages than British firms offer, and far greater expense in establishment and upkeep. The other prime factor was the Australian Navigation Act, one of the most calamitous measures ever placed on the Statute Book. Designed in the first place to assist the Line and Australian shipping generally, this Act has admittedly injured interstate and overseas trade. We have only to add political control and numerous industrial disputes to complete the causes of the Line's failure. The working-losses total nearly £4,000,000, while no less than £8,000,000 was written off when the Board of Control recently appointed took charge. The acid test of nationalized business is commercial success, and the Government is well advised to cut its losses and retire from the field.'

A CORRESPONDENT in *Swarayja*, an Indian Nationalist paper published at Madras, reports that the revival of the homespun industries promises to restore the lost art of making the Dacca muslins which were so fine as to be almost invisible. One spinner who does all his work at night, cards his own cotton, turns it into slivers, and spins it on the ordinary *charka* or native spinning wheel, is producing even and uniformly twisted yarn of six hundred and eight hundred counts, and is now engaged in spinning yarn of one thousand counts. This will interest our cotton-manufacturers not as a commercial proposition but as a *tour de force*.

MUSSOLINI



Italy's Crossword Puzzle. — *Il 420*, Florence

BETWEEN BOLSHEVIKI

'Comrade, capital is the enemy.'
'And, what 's worse — an invisible enemy!'
— *El Universal*, Mexico

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PEACE IN INDUSTRY[1]

BY STANLEY BALDWIN, PRIME MINISTER OF GREAT BRITAIN

[THE extracts that follow are taken from the three notable speeches on Peace and Good-will in Industry that the Prime Minister of Great Britain delivered last March at Birmingham, at Leeds, and in the House of Commons. These speeches elicited warm commendation from Labor Party leaders as well as from the Cabinet's political supporters.]

WHILE in England we can put our finger here and there on the hopeful signs, there are many that cause us anxiety. We have only a very partial prosperity, in an industry here and there, sometimes one, sometimes another; but for four years we have hoped against hope that we might be able to show prosperity in all our industries. . . .

Whatever conclusions people may draw from the examination of figures of exports and imports, I never can help translating this story into terms of unemployment. Still, at the end of January there were a million and a quarter yet on the registers — practically the same as a year ago — no real substantial improvement.

There is no direct remedy from the State alone. There can be no direct remedy by private men alone. Nothing can be done unless we can all pull together with a will. . . .

It is at this moment, with one in ten of the working population unemployed, at this moment when in some industries there is a faint hope of a revival, at this moment when other industries with the utmost endeavors on their part can but just hold their own, that we witness in England signs of an industrial storm gathering which, if it were to break, would spread misery far and wide and sweep back, possibly for years, all chance of returning and reviving prosperity. By the natural evolution of our industrial life in England we are confronted to-day, and shall be more and more, with great consolidations of capital managed by small concentrated groups and by great organizations of labor led by experienced and responsible leaders. That position must be accepted. . . .

I am whole-heartedly with these men who talk about disarmament on the Continent, peace on the Continent, and the removal of suspicion on the Continent, but far more do I plead for disarmament at home, and for the removal of that suspicion at home that tends to poison the relations of man and man, the removal of which alone can lead us to that stability of our struggling industry, that can by its very removal create the confidence in which our people may be able to move forward to better things. . . .

I want to plead for truce. In the Middle Ages, when the whole of Europe was in conflict, men of good will strove in vain to get what they called a truce of God in which people might compose their differences and live like brothers. I want a truce of God in this country, that we may compose our differences, that we may join hands together to

[1] From *Gleanings and Memoranda* (Conservative Party monthly record of political events), *April*

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see if we cannot pull the country into a better and happier condition. It is little that a government can do; these reforms, these revolutions, must come from the people themselves. The organizations of employers and men, if they take their coats off to it, are far more able to work out the solutions of their troubles than the politicians. Let them put the State out of their minds and get down to it. . . .

Let those who are working for peace in England realize that a breach of the peace in industry, whatever else it may involve, can mean nothing more than the prolongation of what is already too much misery among those who are suffering from unemployment to-day. And, indeed, how much there is for those responsible for the conduct of the industry — and I mean masters and men just the same — how much there is for them to-day to try and discover and try and understand.

Let me give one illustration. I have a letter before me now from a British firm which has works in this country, works in France, and works in Germany. And the making of a machine of exactly similar type costs £565 here, in Germany £520, and in France £400. All those concerned in industry should try to get at the root of the reason why a thing of this kind is possible. Look for a moment at the employers' side. Are the reasons for our failure to compete connected with overcapitalization, are they connected with defective management, with wasteful use of plant and of material? Are they due at all to the absence of facilities for economical marketing? Are State subsidies granted on the Continent? Is there a freer use abroad of unskilled labor in various processes? What is the cause? And on the men's side. Should not they look into the question whether the allocation of labor to different operatives on the Continent makes it more easy to compete than here? These are questions no government can settle, that no government can interfere with, and no government can solve; but to get a correct answer is life and death to those, whether they be employers or employed, in industry at home. These are the kinds of issues that want fighting out over a round table, and to be approached not with a view on the one side to get an increase of wages or with a view on the other to get a reduction of wages, but to get at the reasons and see where the fault lies, and to take counsel together and see where and how improvement can be made in this country to achieve the desired result. And there should be an end once and for all of that secretiveness in business which has so often poisoned the atmosphere by causing suspicion.

When you discuss disarmament there must be all the cards on the table. . . . Confidence breeds confidence, and I would give it in the fullest and largest degree. I should like to see firms who have factories as I have described place on the table carefully prepared analyses of the comparative costs in the three countries for the men to examine, for accountants to examine — no mystery, no secretiveness, but a common desire to get at facts, and a common desire to help. . . .

It has often struck me that it might be of real help to conferences in trades between the employers and the employed if they were presided over by a neutral person, a man qualified by his own character and ability, by his detached and independent outlook, and by the confidence which people felt in his fair-mindedness — whether the presence of such a chairman might not enable two parties to get on with greater ease, with greater freedom, and with more success in their ultimate results. . . .

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In these days what those most concerned in industry have to study is what can be accomplished in the way of insurance benefit, and what burdens can be borne by industry, — this in consultation with the Government, — and how far regulations and rules made in trade-unions to fit circumstances of many years ago are fitted to meet the circumstances not only of to-day but the circumstances that lie ahead of us. Here again there is ample room, ample scope, for such conferences as I have advocated, and, mind you this, for the very best brains and the best heart that the best men among the employers and the men themselves can put forward. This is not work for hackmen, it is work for the statesmen among us. . . .

If I have a message to-night for you and the people of the country, it is just this. I would say: England! Steady! Look where you are going! Human hands were given us to clasp, and not to be raised against one another in fratricidal strife.

Nothing less than the whole evolution of our industrial system is involved in these new relations of wage-earners and employers. We have to see what wise statesmanship can do to steer the country through this time of evolution until we can get the next stage of our industrial civilization.

In this great problem which is facing the country in future years it may be from one side or the other that disaster may come, but surely it shows that the only progress that can be obtained in this country is by those two bodies of men — so similar in their strength and so similar in their weaknesses — learning to understand each other and not to fight each other.

I have tried to put my conviction that we are moving forward rapidly from an old state of industry into a newer, and the question is: What is that newer going to be? No man, of course, can say what form evolution is taking. Of this, however, I am quite sure, that whatever form we may see, possibly within this generation, or at any rate in the time of the next generation, it has got to be a form of pretty close partnership, however that is going to be arrived at; and it will not be a partnership the terms of which will be laid down — at any rate not yet — in Acts of Parliament, or by this Party or that. It has got to be a partnership of men who understand their own work, and it is little help that they can get really either from politicians or from intellectuals. . . . I always want to see, at the head of these organizations on both sides, men who have been right through the mill, and who themselves know exactly the points where the shoe pinches, who know exactly what can be conceded and what cannot, and who can make their reasons plain; and I hope that we shall always find such men trying to steer their respective ships side by side, instead of making for head-on collisions. . . .

I have been called a Revivalist. And I am a Revivalist, because I am in favor of a revival of trade and a revival of that good feeling among mankind that ought never to be allowed to fail. . . . Nothing that I have said recently has been new teaching, so far as I am concerned. But it attracts attention from the fact that I am Prime Minister. . . .

The function of industry in the modern State is to produce and to distribute goods and services which are wanted by the community, and to do it in such a way as to react most favorably on the livelihood and the life of all concerned. If you take a broad view over the whole of this country, and over a long period of time, this function has been, on the whole, discharged with remarkable success. . . .

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We have also to take note of the marvelous financial machinery which does the work of exchanging commodities month by month and year by year, not only among ourselves, but throughout the whole world. It has stood the strain and shock of the war; it has maintained during those critical years that high value of efficiency and integrity which has made this country the financial centre of the world; it has helped this country to pay her debts while claiming debts owing to her from no man, and you can only measure the value to the nation by estimating the ruin that would succeed if only confidence in it were ever to be destroyed. . . .

We are living to-day in one of the great creative epochs of history. I recognize that our responsibility is tremendous, that our lot may be glorious; but I am convinced that this is no time in which people should even dream of attempting to destroy the mechanism that has stretched our intelligence and widened our horizon to the utmost parts of the earth. . . .

We Conservatives of this generation share with the Socialists, quite as honestly and truly, the most ardent desire and determination to attempt to remove economic disabilities which cripple the poor in our midst. But we distrust their method. . . .

They are in favor of the nationalization of the means of production, distribution, and exchange. If this implies anything, it implies the possibility of transferring the ownership and direction of industry to the nation, operating through bureaucrats and committees. . . . That is the millennium promised to us. I believe that to be a complete illusion. It is an illusion, in a few words, because men are not yet good enough for a state like that, and when they are they will not need it. Men are not born free. They are not born equal. They are not born fraternal; and I will ask any mother in the audience if she does not agree with me. . . .

If you could hand over all the industries of the country to-morrow to the Labor Party, say, to manage, they would quickly discover that they would have to battle with forces, not only beyond their comprehension, but beyond their control.

The crucial test is unemployment. Our industrial system is subject to periodical expansions and restrictions. . . . Do you think that there is any system of nationalization, or any other system, which will do away with unemployment caused in that fashion? . . .

I had great interest in reading a speech by Mr. Sidney Webb, and I found that in discussing the problems of the day he fell back on a magnificent phrase which has been a great comfort to me since I discovered it. He spoke of the inevitability of gradualness. . . . There is a profound truth in it, and I may quote it to show that there are many leaders in that Party to-day who believe in the inevitability of gradualness more than they do in violence. There are, it is true, some leaders who still believe that catastrophic changes will bring about much that all of us would like to see. . . .

If it be such a simple business to create and to control a great industry, why should not — what is there to prevent Mr. Cook [head of the coal-miners' unions] and his friends buying and managing a colliery property to show the possibility of paying a substantial minimum wage and working a six-hour day? . . .

Trotskii has been through what he calls in his book the 'revolutionary oven,' and he has now gone to the Caucasus. He writes: 'History gives us nothing free of cost, and the more easily the Russian proletariat passed

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through the revolutionary crisis the harder becomes its constructive work now. A political idea is one thing and habit and custom are another. Politics are flexible, and custom is unyielding and obdurate.'

He has also said what no leader of the extremists has ever said in England yet: 'We must learn to work more efficiently.'

How many votes do you think would be cast for revolution in England if people were told the only result would be they would have to work more efficiently? Those extracts from Mr. Trotskii's book merely show that in Russia, before and after the Revolution, there existed, and exists unchanged, Russian human nature. Trotskii is slowly and reluctantly discovering what Mr. Sidney Webb discovered two years ago — the inevitability of gradualness. . . .

Mr. Bertrand Russell, a British Socialist, went last year to the United States of America and engaged in a very interesting debate with an American on the question, 'Can the Soviet idea take hold of England, America, and France?' and Mr. Bertrand Russell said 'No.' Now why did he say no? He said this: 'The Marxian formula is too simple. The world was not made as simply as that, and when you hear of anything sweeping, when you hear anything that projects a glorious future in some golden age — well, I think it is well to be reminded that such doctrines are by no means new.'

Then he enumerates the sects and the people who have preached the advent of a speedy millennium, and he continues: 'They have had their revolution in Russia, and after they had had it, and after they had tried for four years to carry out the policy for which they had made it, they had to go back to the new economic policy involving only those parts of socialism which even the most moderate socialists accepted. You cannot get to the millennium through the fiery gateway that opens into the happy valley of sudden revolution. You change the name of things; but you cannot change people's whole habits and movements, and you find that the old things come back with the new names.'

Now, that is very profound, and it shows that a leader of intellectual thought among the socialists is learning the inevitability of gradualness. . . .

It is a matter of great hope for the future that we have to-day so many men in the Labor movement who hold sane and just views of the possibilities of human progress, and with whom, I am convinced, we may be able to work hand in hand to effect great improvements in the condition of our people.

It is to help to bring this about that I have been appealing, not for a mere passive tranquillity, but for an active good-will in this country which has been absent for too many long years. . . .

Take one illustration of a subject on which there can be but little difference of opinion in principle. There are to-day over eleven millions of our people insured and over a million drawing benefit. It is a gigantic social experiment, started since the war. The fund has been subjected to a tremendous strain, and so is the administration of the benefit itself.

There are difficulties in it, and here and there abuses. There may be arising from it evils which need combating and correcting. I think it is quite plain that any government which hopes before long to deal on comprehensive lines with questions of national insurance should endeavor to gather together and harvest and learn from the experience of the working of that benefit during its existence, with a view to paring away abuses and to increasing its

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utility to the whole community. . . . The right way to investigate a subject of that kind is not on party lines, but by coöperation of all those who are interested in it. . . .

If we can only create in this country such an atmosphere as I desire, we shall make the powers of nature, the inventions of our scientists, the abilities of our managers, and the skill of our workmen subserve the common purpose of elevating our people. It can be done. But if, instead, we nourish a spirit of class selfishness and mutual hatred, we shall not only infallibly prevent the possibility of any revival in trade, but we shall with certainty ultimately destroy that industry the careful preservation of which affords the only means by which the less fortunate people in this country can hope, with the good-will of all classes, to share in all the gifts that our civilization has to offer them.

FOR A DEWDROP

BY ELEANOR FARJEON

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

Small shining drop, no lady's ring
Holds so beautiful a thing.
At sun-up in the early air
The sweetness of the world you snare.
Within your little mirror lie
The green grass and the wingèd fly;
The lowest flower, the tallest tree,
In your crystal I can see.
Why, in your tiny globe you hold
The sun himself, a midge of gold.
It makes me wonder if the world
In which so many things are curled,
The world which all men real call,
Is not the real world at all,
But just a drop of dew instead
Swinging on a spider's thread.

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THE JEWS[1]

REFLECTIONS ON A BIMILLENNIAL REVIVAL

BY J. L. GARVIN

WHATEVER else may be thought, Zionism is a hazardous and fascinating adventure. The like of it has not been known, nor can man cast its horoscope when the destinies of all the changing East stand under unsearchable stars. If the original letter of the purpose were fated never to be fully written — if the present beginnings of the writing were blotted out — the soul of the attempt might triumph, shining for ever as an example of daring idealism and spiritual romance.

Last week saw one of those scenes of history which enter into the general imagination of the world, and remain singular and distinct, sure of perpetual remembrance. Lord Balfour stood upon the shoulder of Mount Scopus. In the unfinished amphitheatre open to the air, crowded by thousands from all the world, he inaugurated the Hebrew University, which holds in itself all the truest hopes of Zionism. We are told that every accent of his admirable voice — full of amenity and irony at once like no other voice of our generation — was heard through the tiers of stone benches. Where the climate is suitable to the amphitheatre, its form when well designed lends itself to all the resonance and cadence of modulated speaking. We can never forget how once on a serene evening, within one of the greater structures of antiquity surviving in Europe, some familiar lines of *The Tempest*, spoken low from the top of the tiers, floated round and pure to the other side with a new sense of immortal meaning and beauty.

We are told that haze dimmed the day. Nothing could dim the spirit of the day. In the view from this summit in clear weather the sight of Jerusalem is spread out below. Eastward in the distance are the Dead Sea and the mountains of Moab; and visible twenty miles away, the legendary place where Joshua and the Tribes made the passage of the Jordan and set up the twelve stones on entering the Promised Land. This height is part of the Mount of Olives, and not far away Christians visit the garden of the Agony and consider one of the deepest themes of suffering and sacrifice that the heart can meditate. And from this same shoulder of Scopus, as Lord Balfour reminded his audience, Titus began the siege that battered down from the north the outer and inner ramparts of Jerusalem and quickened the dispersion of the Jews through the earth. This is one of the curious events in the whole human story — so local an affair as it seemed first, one of the smaller side-shows of the Roman Empire; an affair so universal and endless as it has since proved.

Titus was a man of thirty or under, handsome and popular, gracious in peace and ruthless in war, literary and musical, but a formidable soldier at need. He reminds us much of our Edward the Fourth. One conceives him

[1] From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *April 5*

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inexorably bored with the contumacious Jews, and resolved without fuss to iron out the creases in that crumpled little quarter of the wide Roman world and make a smooth surface — probably giving little thought to it afterward, and not one moment of compunction. When he guided destruction he must have stood sometimes about where Lord Balfour stood last Wednesday. The obstinate town he had marked out for extinction as a stronghold was already immemorial. It had been a place of strength for a thousand years and more, it seems, before any Jew set eyes upon it. It had then known another thousand years since it had been stormed by David. Nearly two thousand years more have passed; and now we have Zionism and the great adventure of the return. How could Titus be expected to know the intense and enduring soul of Israel, or to understand that this little race was fibrous like none else and a people with a difference?

They were crushed but not tamed. Some sixty years after they rose as fiercely as Carthaginians in a last desperate convulsion, and were fearfully suppressed. This time Rome was more thorough than Assyria. Jewish nationality in the Promised Land was annihilated — uprooted, torn to pieces, and cast out. This was in the great reign of Hadrian, whose sovereign and critical eye was acquainted with Britain as well as Palestine. It was when his wall between the Tyne and Solway was beautifully new; and if you walk along the ruined top of it for miles, as the present writer has done, and study its construction and alignment, you are bound to remark that the Roman brain in its day was the ablest engine of government the world has yet seen; and you understand better both the obedience of the Britons at one end of that empire and the smashing of the Jews at the other.

No doubt they began to appear within the gates of Roman London shortly after this. They had no land of their own, and have never had since. Most of all were they suspect and oppressed in Palestine. By land and sea they spread through the Empire and beyond. They went largely to the 'Far West' of the Mediterranean world — Spain, which as a field for emigration was in some sort the America of the time. But likewise all France and the Rhineland were rising regions of civilization, and they must soon have been seen in the cities, ancient now, like Mainz and Frankfort, which they inhabit in exceptional numbers to this day and have long had reason to love like little Jerusalems.

They had the best commercial chance in the new places; for they were relatively an educated race, with the passion for knowledge, the concentrated intelligence, the high sensibilities, and the everlasting persistence which have distinguished them ever since. Before the final dispersion, their numbers had been terribly reduced. They went forth as the remnant of a people. To the eye of a Roman or a Greek at that time nothing could have seemed more improbable than their survival among the masses of all tongues and shades among whom they settled as a sprinkling. But everywhere they were the People of a Book; they lived by their immemorial law; and with a double genius, never otherwise known, for adaptability to environment without weakening identity, they achieved the miracle of preserving their own mental and physical type.

So the extraordinary tale began. It is not our purpose to follow it. But in the last decade we have seen the climax of the story. The whole nineteenth century was their age of general revival, emancipation, and triumph, not only in finance and business, as is sometimes

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foolishly assumed, but by the power of individuality and ideas. You had the astounding contrast in type between Lord Beaconsfield on one side and Karl Marx on the other — one the Grand Vizier, and more, of the widest of world empires, the other the creator of a new political religion, preaching the doctrine of economic equality, trying to shake the pillars of industrial civilization. Among the foremost capitalists everywhere, Jews ranked to a degree incomparably above all proportion to their numbers in the world; but in the same degree and more the chief anticapitalists were Jews.

Then came the Great War; and again two opposite movements far surpassing every contrast before — Bolshevism and Zionism. Lenin, a Russian, became the terrific engine of the Marxian side of the Jewish mind, gathered a whole staff of that race around him, and overturned the whole political and social fabric of a vast empire in the most destructive revolution that history knows. Simultaneously in that thundering and flashing epoch of a few short years ago — though already it seems like a century behind us — all the pent-up dreams of mankind were let loose. Among them was one dream that had never died. If you wish to understand the origin of Zionism and the meaning of last week's celebration of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, you will find it in certain wonderful words which are more familiar than understood. What we call the 137th Psalm is a cry of exile and longing, solemn, beautiful, piercing. In its kind it is by far the greatest poem of the world, and beside it Browning's 'Oh, to be in England' is like the twittering of birds. As a political document we must quote its chief verses: —

By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion.

We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.

For there they that carried us away captive required of us a song; and they that wasted us required of us mirth, saying, Sing us one of the songs of Zion.

How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning.

If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.

So the miracle happened. The Allied and Associated Powers, not otherwise given to religious exercises in concert, assembled to make a diplomatic reality of the 137th Psalm. The British Government led the movement to restore Zion to Palestine, though not Palestine to Zion — a distinction sometimes forgotten. There was to be freedom and protection for the reëstablishment of Jewish nationality in the Promised Land side by side with the dominant Arab race which has occupied that soil for a longer time than the English have been in England, and regards Palestine as its own. Zionism was bound to be a difficult and dangerous as well as most marvelous adventure.

The 'Balfour Declaration' was issued just over seven years ago. Among Jews throughout the world it was received with boundless enthusiasm and faith, but never with unanimity. Some of the ablest of the race everywhere remain totally opposed to it, at least in its political form. None the less, the cause has been supported with mind, money, devoted diligence, and passionate vision. There is one thing at least for all critics to remember. Countless vulgarities disfigure and debase the modern world, but this movement is not one of them.

What is likely to be the sequel of this staggering attempt to restore much of what was destroyed three hundred years

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before the Roman Empire fell? One conclusion seems certain. The ideals embodied in the Hebrew University inaugurated last week represent the true hope and the only hope. There is no reason why the Arabs should quarrel with it any more than with the various Christian communities whose presence and activity have long been accepted. The institution on Mount Scopus ought to become the distinctive intellectual and spiritual centre of the Jewish world. It can organize as never before, not only the specialized study of Hebrew history, religion, and all related Oriental subjects, but thought and research on the political and social problems particularly concerning the race wherever its synagogues and schools are found. Advanced work is to be applied to tropical medicine. On Thursday was laid the foundation stone of the Einstein-Balfour Institute of Physics and Mathematics. These are the beginnings. They can mean nothing but gain to the best purposes of general civilization in Palestine. The Zionist University may well rise to a position unrivaled in the East. It may attract other races in the long run if the profoundly wise policy of welcoming all comers is pursued. It may train men for leadership in every line of thought and action with results extending far beyond Palestine.

If the design stopped at that point there would be no opposition. The political aspect is another matter, and it will have to be managed with infinite patience and scrupulous moderation if an ultimate disaster is to be avoided. By intellectual and economic leadership the Jews can permeate with immense effect: they cannot dominate. As we said, Zionism may be restored in Palestine, but Palestine cannot be restored to Zionism. Side by side with the other existing inhabitants the National Home may come to comprise large numbers. The numbers could never pass beyond a certain limit, or be increased too rapidly at any time, without provoking a destroying outbreak.

Here we touch the secret of Arab resistance. Though the total Jewish influx has not exceeded forty thousand since the Balfour Declaration, the Arabs are still afraid that immigration may reach more formidable proportions. The land as a whole never can be wrenched from Islam. Even the mighty movement of the Crusades failed to conquer Palestine for Christianity. The Arabs are four fifths of the inhabitants. They claim that the country is theirs, and that the Jews have no more right to control it than have the Welsh to rule in England in the name of the Ancient Britons. The Moslem majority has much to gain by the work of sanitation, drainage, tree-planting, road-making, and general economic development which is being carried out under the auspices of Zionism. But if their coöperation is to be won they will have to be thoroughly satisfied sooner or later that the Jews will remain a pronounced minority, however influential in proportion to its numbers. If the fears of the Arabs, whether reasonable or not, are inflamed violently in the future, they will rise with a vengeance, and Zionism, after all the eighteen centuries of its dream, might end again in tragedy and dispersion.

All this, we think, is now thoroughly understood by the Palestine administration, by the British Government, and by the chief leaders and organizers of Zionism. Islam is a quenchless force in these matters. Many of us can remember how the boat-builder's son of Dongola became a Prophet, swept the Sudan, destroyed Gordon, and conquered two million square miles of territory in two years.

The supreme paradox is that Jewish wealth and power and influence in the

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world depend upon the continuance of the dispersion. It is safe to speculate that more than nine tenths of the race will always live outside Palestine as now, and that the world problem of the Jews will remain exactly what it is. The biggest problem of Jewry by far is not Palestine but Poland. With the new movements of anti-Semitism on both sides of the Atlantic no reflecting man can have a particle of sympathy. New York is the hugest Jewish city in the world, and even in the United States there is marked feeling. That is a matter which will settle itself in America as elsewhere by gradual social adjustment to the presence of an irremovable element.

There is not the smallest reason to think that in any Western country — Eastern Europe may become a more sombre problem — the attitude of the twentieth century will be in the least less liberal and enlightened than that of the nineteenth. Why should it? If it is said that Jews have too much influence under the capitalist system, the answer is that they would probably have more under the socialist system. In general, anti-Semitism, like most of the bad sentiments of the world, springs from a vice which continually depreciates the value of nine tenths of ordinary human controversy and conversation. Most people, when they undertake an indictment or defense of any one thing by contrast with another, are accustomed to compare the best on their own side of the argument with the worst on the opposite. They should compare like with like — the best with the best, the worst with the worst, the average with the average.

Judged by this criterion, the Jews have nothing to fear. They have not more excelled in the making of money than in the use of it. Among their millionaires there has been on the whole a smaller percentage of rank Philistines. The Jews have been eminent in public spirit and humane duty. They have given invaluable support to science and medicine, as well as to art, music, and the drama, to name in passing but a few things out of many. In public affairs they have been stimulating citizens; and in private life those who have never enjoyed the attraction of intelligent friendship with the Jewish mind and temperament at their finest have missed much.

The Jews have distinctive faults, like all other well-marked types of mankind; but when we sit down without prejudice to recollect the different faults of the various nations, we shall be chastened in judgment and restored to a humorous sense of our common humanity. At least sloth and stupidity are not in them. They see, they heed, they act. How often has one known them to unite three things — talent, generosity, and fortitude!

Above all, what mankind requires, between nations, races, sects, classes, parties, and individuals is less prejudice and more charity. No one lives long enough to plumb the depth of the word that was said when Christianity was first conceived as the Zionism of the world. 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.' Anti-Semitism will disappear from Western civilization like the ghetto and the gaberdine; but the fortunes of Jewry in Palestine depend upon its power to create a harmony of Israel, Islam, and Christendom in the land where the later monotheism of Mohammed is as intense as that of Moses and Abraham, where lie the sacred scenes of the New Testament as of the Old, and where the Three Faiths must learn to dwell together if any peace is to be.

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BLACKMAIL WITHIN THE LAW[1]

BY A BARRISTER-AT-LAW

AMONG the civilized peoples of modern States there is no offense against law and order more abhorred and detested than blackmail. Rightly so, for it is a double offense against person and property. It tortures the brain, racks the mind, unbalances the judgment, weakens the will, until the victim, temporarily unhinged and deprived of reason, pays the blackmailer — the price of peace.

Small wonder, therefore, that there is no crime in the calendar — except murder — for which the punishment is more severe; and there is no prisoner sentenced by judges with more rigor and less pity than the blackmailer.

Even now, at the moment of writing, the press reports a debate in the House of Commons on the urgency of new legislation to punish more severely the crime of blackmail, and to sanction flogging for blackmailers. The 'cat' is already a prescribed punishment for robbery with physical violence, and whereas blackmail may be described, technically, as robbery with mental violence, it would scarcely be an innovation to introduce 'flogging' for convicted blackmailers. In the debate, this point was unobserved. It is publicly realized, at last, that blackmail has increased, is increasing, and must be suppressed. The campaign against it is now general, and there is scarcely a newspaper that has not taken up the crusade.

I mention these matters merely to heighten the paradoxical attitude of the law, which facilitates, unintentionally of course, the work of the blackmailer by placing at his disposal actions and procedure, a loose and easily adopted form of litigating machinery, by which he can extort — or attempt — in a manner amounting to the crime of blackmail were it not clothed with the cloak of legal formality.

In this connection it may be worth while quoting the words of a solicitor of the highest repute, beyond reproach, and perhaps the leading member of the Common Law branch of his profession: 'I have always maintained that no conspiracy to extort money on a large scale can be successfully carried out without the aid of a solicitor, or someone representing himself to be one, because, of all the weapons of the blackmailer to scare his victims, none is more potent than the threat of proceedings in the law courts with the consequent danger of publicity.'

I will now deal with the subject of Breach of Promise of Marriage actions.

On the vexed question whether actions for breach of promise should be abolished altogether, I propose to say little here. Moreover, it would be both difficult and presumptuous to put forward any brief general conclusions upon a matter about which two such acute and profound lawyers as Lord Birkenhead and Mr. Justice McCardie have expressed opinions diametrically opposed — Mr. Justice McCardie in favor of abolishing such actions, Lord Birkenhead in favor of retaining them.

In Lord Birkenhead's entertaining article of close logical reasoning, which

[1] From the *Outlook* (London Independent weekly), *March* 21, 28, *April* 4

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recently appeared in the *Evening News*, he mentioned several types of breach actions, which, he declared, must remain so long as justice lasts, so long as the law of contract exists. He instanced the case of 'a woman who became engaged at the age of nineteen, has remained under this obligation until she is thirty, and is then abandoned.' Sentimentally this is 'pathetic,' and the law may be necessary for the protection of fools. Still, the abolition of breach-of-promise actions might confer a benefit to society and a fillip to the population, if it tended to discourage those silly, stupid unproductive long engagements. Nobody regrets the passing of the three-volume novel of the Victorian age. Why should we retain the heroine who became engaged at eighteen and is jilted at forty?

Yet there are other types of cases recorded by Lord Birkenhead, which make his contention unanswerable. One of these — the chief — is the case of a girl who is seduced under a promise of marriage. Surely she must have a remedy, if law and justice have any meaning. Under the present law she can recover damages, the amount depending on the circumstances. That she should ever be deprived of her right to redress would be inconceivable. But, if the power of obtaining damages in a civil court were denied to her, she could be protected by making the seduction under promise of marriage a criminal offense. This is a mere suggestion.

To return to blackmail in relation to breach-of-promise actions.

Setting aside special cases in favor of the justice of breach of promise, the badness of the law, as it now exists, outweighs the goodness. This is the contention I venture to put forward. Shortly stated the law is: a girl, corroborated by a girl friend, can compel any man to fight the issue publicly in court. Otherwise expressed: any woman can sue any man for a verbal promise to marry provided a witness — presumably her friend — comes forward and testifies to having heard the promise referred to by the man. In law, the 'friend' is called corroboration. A 'ring' may be corroboration — called, for the purposes of the case, an engagement ring.

The facility of framing an action is too obvious to need elaboration. Clearly no form of legal claim is easier to begin. All that is required is the purchase of a 'writ form,' — which used to cost ten shillings but now costs thirty, — to fill in the names of the plaintiff and the defendant, and to write on the back of the writ, 'The plaintiff's claim is for damages for breach of promise of marriage.' It may be taken for granted that when the writ is served on the defendant, if he be a man of high position, he will have a sleepless night — or perhaps many. Few men who mingle freely in the world have escaped, throughout life, from the threat or the carrying out of such an action.

The discarded mistress is a frequent plaintiff. A year ago a woman brought an action against a millionaire. She was his 'friend' for a while. Her corroboration consisted in a woman friend of hers who, when dining with the loving pair, heard the millionaire refer to the prospective marriage. The man refused to settle and the case came to trial. Under cross-examination the plaintiff, among other things, admitted that she had paid nothing for costs, that the case was financed by 'somebody,' and that, in fact, she had been in receipt of a weekly living-wage from the little solicitor pending the trial. Verdict for the defendant — the judge observing that he would consider whether he ought to send the papers in the case to the Public Prosecutor. It may be observed that the defendant's

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counsel cried 'Blackmail' early and often throughout the trial.

Here is another case. Some years ago a man in a high public position had an invalid wife. He formed a friendship with a lady of the town. She became advised by an underworld solicitor's clerk. The man of high position was threatened with an action for breach of promise, and the lady further alleged that he represented himself as a single man. At first he treated the threat with contempt, but received a writ in due course. Her corroboration was a girl friend — who dined with them occasionally. To fight the case would have been social suicide, even if he won. He settled it for two thousand pounds — and two hundred and fifty pounds costs. It might be interesting to know how much of the damages she received from the underworld solicitor's clerk.

Another case. A young Guards' officer, son of rich and pious parents, set out to enjoy the delights of London by night. At a nocturnal dance-club he became acquainted with an angel without wings. The acquaintance ripened into a passing friendship. Assertions that he promised marriage, coupled with threats of suicide for nonfulfillment, emanated from the angel without wings. Scandal — resignation from his regiment — disgrace — pious father — cut off — loomed large to rend his mind with anguish! The writ was served. The defendant paid fifteen hundred pounds in settlement.

There have been a variety of similar cases, a multitude which have never come to light. The percentage of breach-of-promise actions which are settled out of court is enormous. These never come to trial, and are unknown to the public. It may not be a rash estimate to say that not five per cent of the cases begun by a threatening letter or a writ ever reach the day of trial.

There is one feature of these actions that I have not yet touched — the letters written by the man to the woman, carefully tied up with a piece of ribbon. No sharper weapon exists for a breach-of-promise plaintiff than a letter written to her by the man — not necessarily a letter promising marriage — containing compromising or scandalous matter for the writer. It may be a disparaging remark about his 'stingy' father, or idle scandal-gossip about his commanding officer, or his chief in business. In the event of a woman possessing such a letter a settlement is almost certain; for he is between the Devil and the deep sea. There is only one way to save himself from the deep sea — to pay off the Devil.

To sum up: something ought to be done to curtail the power given by these facile actions. It has long been a topic of contention among lawyers as to whether any standard exists by which damages can be assessed in actions for breach of promise at all. Therein lies the difference between these claims and all others for breach of contract. One of the greatest advocates of the Bar in our time once said to me, 'I can never understand how damages can arise or be fixed in breach of promise.' Surely a wise observation, for how can a woman be awarded damages for the loss of a husband who has turned out to be a breaker of promises and a wrecker of life. She really ought to pay to be rid of such a scoundrel. This is the logical conclusion.

There was once a barrister, now a High Court judge, who remarked, 'Fifty per cent of the actions for damages in the High Court are founded on blackmail.' A pregnant remark.

I cannot conclude this subject without one observation in relation to a matter upon which the public ought to be informed, and which I feel bound,

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in fairness, to make. The framing of all these cases, and similar ones, is completely undertaken and carried out by the solicitor in the case with the help of the lay client. Whatever blackmail there be is carried on by them alone. The barrister stands aloof from it. Even then I must subdivide the observation by saying that such malpractice is only indulged in by the disreputable few among solicitors, for the solicitors of repute generally act for the defendant, or when they do act for a plaintiff it is a bona fide case where a woman has been genuinely badly treated.

As for the counsel engaged in cases, they know nothing of the merit of the facts; they do not initiate the action; they never see the lay client without the solicitor; they have nothing whatever to do with the finances of the client; they do not know what lay clients pay to solicitors, or do not care; they cannot sue for their fees. Their only duty is to present the facts of the case according to the instructions of the solicitor. And the only hope of the counsel is — it is the hope of all — that when the day of trial comes he will be able, by the most attractive argument at his command, like Cicero of old, to persuade his judges to pronounce in his favor. Often he does this for a few guineas (marked on his brief), even if the damages run into thousands.

At the present time nearly everybody expresses wonder at the unusually strange things which are happening in the social relations of people in general. In our daily domestic news, innumerable scandals, divorces, frauds, blackmails, and murders, in new types of vile detail, are piled upon each other, forming a pyramid of infamy as a monument to the morality of this generation.

Yet, if we detach our minds from the period of action that is past to the time of reflection that is present, the cause of the wave of moral turpitude is not far to seek.

As regards sheer physical combat between the peoples of Western civilization, November 11, 1918, dates the last day of war and the first day of peace. It also marks a more significant date, the dawn of a new age in human conduct. For on that day began the first chapter in the modern history of European morals, which book may yet require the philosophic flair of another Lecky to analyze the causes and the effects.

Throughout the centuries man's natural savage instincts were gradually subdued, held in check, and reduced to a minimum by the refining influences of religion, learning, and law. Whereupon came a species of war hitherto unrecorded in brutality, with its plague of vicious locusts to devour the fruits of civilization, while its battering ram demolished the moral structure of a thousand years. Thus crumbled the social fabric.

For those optimists who are inclined to term retrogression a form of progress, the net result of the moral upheaval may be defined in the phrase 'equality of the sexes.'

In no direction is the upheaval more noticeable than in the relation between the sexes and in the intimate sexual matters. Freedom of speech, laxity of behavior, have become rules rather than exceptions. 'Shingling,' smoking, short skirts, cocktails, midnight jazzing, — mere harmless things individually, — have become adjuncts of the great tendency. Something more, they form the setting for the picture of the unchaperoned girl, lacking in reverence, piety, and clothing, prowling in the wild haunts of the night life of cities, to qualify her for the sanctity of the marriage vow. In a way, the fault rests not with the woman — she is the aftermath of war, the creature of men.

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The foregoing observations are intended to explain the prevalence of divorce in modern society. The numbers of divorces are increasing with the rapidity of geometrical progression, the limit of which may be only an equality with the number of marriages. Now, marriage is often a stepping-stone to divorce, just as divorce is a stepping-stone to marriage.

With regard to the term Divorce there are three topics in relation to the subject of blackmail which I propose to discuss. These are (*a*) Collusive Divorce, (*b*) Husband's Divorce, (*c*) Wife's Divorce.

(*a*) *Collusive Divorce.* — A collusive divorce is one that is arranged by the husband and wife in an amicable way, assisted by their amicable solicitors. Often it happens that husband and wife mutually agree to 'lead their own lives,' meaning, plainly, that the wife has a lover not her husband, and the husband has a lover not his wife; the facts being fully known to both wife and husband. The time arrives when freedom from the marriage tie is desired by one or both, and the prospect of fresh marriage arises.

It is well known that the Court resents the knowledge of the existence of such lax relations, and would refuse to grant divorce. Still, an arrangement may easily be arrived at whereby a friendly petition for divorce ensues. Suppose the wife desires to divorce her husband. He does not defend the case. Indeed, he helps her with the evidence, by supplying her solicitor with the address of the hotel where he stayed for one night with a 'woman unknown.' The trial of the case in court occupies five or ten minutes. A decree nisi is pronounced by the judge, which will mean a decree absolute six months hence, unless the King's Proctor, in the interval, discovers the true facts.

England is the only country in the world possessing a King's Proctor. His work begins after the divorce case has been tried, and the decree nisi obtained. A decree nisi is pronounced by the judge, meaning a divorce absolute in six months afterward unless the King's Proctor chooses to prevent it. The King's Proctor can prevent the decree nisi becoming absolute by starting a fresh case against the petitioner with proof of the petitioner's own adultery or collusion in the divorce.

The function of King's Proctor is 'Wait and See.' A decree nisi can grow into a decree absolute in six months; one person alone can stop the growth — the King's Proctor. When he does so, expense, labor, and anxiety have been all in vain, and hope is ended.

Thus begins the game of blackmail. Should the wife be rich, the husband poor, the latter is offered a golden opportunity of securing a settlement either before the decree nisi or between the decree nisi and the decree absolute. Primarily he agrees only to the decree nisi being arranged in return for money — the amount depending upon the wealth of the wife. Or he may wait till after the decree nisi, when the wife is given to understand that failure to compensate him adequately may cause a little bird to whisper in the ear of the King's Proctor.

Similarly, when a rich husband collusively arranges to divorce a poor wife, the latter can ménage, with the aid of a skillful solicitor, to reap a rich harvest for herself, and a suitable reward — legally termed costs — for her solicitor.

However, provided collusive divorces are conducted fairly, without the menace of blackmail, it is difficult to understand why the Court looks upon them with repugnance. It is an enigma of the law that it permits divorce if one party commits adultery but refuses divorce if both parties commit adultery. Logically, it seems that the reason for di-

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vorce is doubled in strength when both parties are guilty; whereas the law, for some reason unknown to commonsense, thinks otherwise. In consequence of which, four people are condemned to live in perpetual sin.

Legal contracts can be rescinded by mutual consent of the contracting parties. Marriage is a legal contract. Why, therefore, should marriage be an exception to the general rule? Perhaps the time is not far distant when mutually arranged divorce may be permitted by our law in conformity with the existing law of other countries. Such a change would have a fourfold beneficial effect. It would diminish blackmail, concubinage, and illegitimacy. In addition to which, the expense of upholding the office of King's Proctor would be saved.

(*b*) *Husband's Divorce.* — A man can divorce his wife for the sole offense of adultery. He can legally claim, and obtain, damages from the adulterer. In other words, the law permits a man to place a money value on his wife's sin, the price being furnished in a bill, called the Petition, sent by the husband to the adulterer, called the corespondent. The exact price is ultimately fixed by the Court, unless agreed before the trial — which is the general practice.

There is no branch of the law facilitating such scope for blackmail as that offered by the legal right of a husband to claim damages from the partner of his wife's misconduct.

It is an elementary principle of criminal law that a man must not take money for his wife's immorality. But for practical purposes the law of damages in divorce amounts to this — a man is permitted to sell or let on hire his wife, the selling or letting being legalized by the serving of a petition for divorce on the wife, citing the corespondent by name, from whom is claimed a definite sum of money, and who is likewise served with a copy of the petition. When a suitable price is paid it is easier for an 'injured' husband to forgive; the petition is torn up. The wife, instead of going to sin no more, lives to sin another day. Doubtless, repetition diminishes value; each succeeding petition would recover less damages. Money forms the motive, basis, subject-matter, and result of all legal actions. A corespondent who is amply endowed with such an important legal commodity is open to be shot at, in many ways, by the 'injured' husband. Negotiations with the corespondent can be legally begun after the petition is served upon the wife and the corespondent cited and served. The petition for divorce is the instrument which takes 'the negotiations' out of the domain of criminal blackmail and brings the matter into the sphere of blackmail within the law. The petition is the blackmailer's suit of legal armor.

It can be readily seen how smooth is the path of the blackmailer. A man of high public position, if cited as a corespondent, whether guilty or not, will be inclined to pay a moderate sum rather than face the ignominy of a public trial. Even if the evidence against him is slender, other circumstances may come out that would render the trial a disaster for him. Nobody knows this better than the blackmailer. Money, therefore, is the medium of escape. The petition is either dropped or, if proceeded with, the 'negotiations' will provide a corespondent, blessed with poverty and endowed with unimportance, in the place of the rich man, for the publicity of trial.

There is a striking example in the Robinson case. If a petition had been served on Mrs. Robinson and the Rajah cited and served, Mr. Robinson would have been legally entitled to claim £150,000, or a million. The amount would not matter. The clumsy stupid-

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ity of the 'clever' Hobbs prevented the proper serving of a petition. The serving of a genuine petition would have legalized the whole affair. Robinson would have been entitled to obtain as much money as he could, whatever sum the Rajah considered worth paying to have his name 'taken out' of the petition. There could have been no charge of blackmail or conspiracy to extort. Hobbs could not have been charged with the offense for which he was tried.

A few years ago a man petitioned his wife for divorce, citing three corespondents. Two were gallant young officers uncursed with wealth, the third somewhat of a millionaire. On the wife's side skill was used to obtain the maximum amount of money from the millionaire; on the millionaire's side, skill plus the machinery of the law was employed to keep his name out of the scandal. Both sides achieved success. The case was tried with a happy ending for the husband, his solicitor, and the millionaire. Rumor hath it that even the wife emerged happily. Doubtless the young officers did not grieve much for the publicity of a moment. After all, they were charged only with the offense described by Byron, 'What gods call gallantry and men adultery.'

To sum up: This article deals with the law as it is and the manner in which it facilitates blackmail. It is not concerned with morals, and is not called upon for a denunciation of the abhorrent practices described herein. The root cause of the malpractice is the legal right of a husband to claim money damages for his wife's adultery. Let the law prevent these money claims in divorce, and likewise abolish damages for breach of promise, then something will be done to lessen the growing scourge of blackmail.

(*c*) *Wife's Divorce.* — Oddly enough, the greatest change brought about by our present moral upheaval has been in the general status of woman which may be described, for want of a better phrase, as the equality of the sexes. Although it is not clear whether the exact meaning of this is that woman has sunk to the level of man or that man has risen to the level of woman; or vice versa. Without entering into a discussion as to the degree of advancement or retrogression attained by woman in transforming her social and legal position into its present form, it may be instructive, for the purpose of this article, to notice the extension of her general rights in their bearing upon the law of divorce.

Votes for women, seats in Parliament, right to plead at the Bar, join to constitute a complete revolution in her status. Indeed these combined have finally placed her, as regards her marital relations, in the position of legal equality with her husband.

In order to consider effectively the provisions of the new divorce law and to demonstrate its resulting effect it will be necessary to review briefly woman's rights and liabilities under the old law.

Formerly, the law compelled a wife, who sought to divorce her husband, to prove that he was guilty of adultery in addition to either desertion or cruelty. The process of obtaining her divorce was therefore cumbersome, expensive, and difficult. Adultery itself was comparatively easy of proof, but to establish desertion or cruelty against him was either difficult or impossible.

Desertion was bound, by the law, to have been continual for a period of two years. If the husband returned to live in the home at the end of one year or any time within the two years, and the wife condoned it, the desertion was broken. Often a penniless wife had no other alternative. As regards cruelty, many judges, for the proof of cruelty,

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required evidence of actual physical injuries. The infliction of 'mental cruelty' did not appear to such judges to constitute cruelty in the legal sense. This was a hardship for woman, for it is well known that refined forms of cruelty such as harsh, unkind words, or persistent neglect, or the breaking of ornaments and property she cherished, might inflict upon a woman far greater suffering than a mere physical injury.

The worst feature of the old inequitable law was the legal permission it gave to a husband to commit as much adultery as he desired, with impunity, provided he refrained from cruelty or desertion. In such a circumstance the wife was unable to divorce the husband. She was compelled to tolerate his flagrant and frequent adultery, her only means of redress being an action for judicial separation. The latter legal redress only provided for her a life of solitude or sin.

Such was the condition of the divorce law in England for the past fifty years. It was the cause of misery and despair in a multitude of homes; it minimized the offense of promiscuous intercourse, encouraged free love, and endowed the 'mistress' with sanctuary.

The new divorce law came into operation in July 1923. It effected a drastic change. To the wife was given a power of divorce equal to that already held by her husband. Shortly stated, a wife is now permitted to divorce her husband for the offense of adultery alone. No longer is it necessary for her to prove cruelty or desertion against him. For all legal purposes of a woman's divorce petition, the two adjuncts, cruelty and desertion, have disappeared. A divorced husband is compelled by law to support his wife according to his means. This support is termed alimony. The amount is fixed by the Court, or may be arranged, before trial, by a mutually agreed settlement. Herein lies the opportunity for blackmail, under the new law.

At first sight, the new law appears to be sound and equitable. It may be described as 'Divorce made easy.' But there is one flaw; a new peril. It offers protection to legal blackmail. A woman may have conclusive evidence of adultery against her husband — evidence not denied — still, in addition to the charge of adultery, she may charge her husband with acts of cruelty.

Now, there is nothing so odious to a man as the imputation of cruelty — physical injury — to a woman. Men who can afford to do so will pay anything in reason, or out of reason, to avoid the publicity of their cruel acts. Whether the alleged cruelty is invented, exaggerated, or true, the refutation is an ordeal which no man would desire. Publicity in the press, suspicious minds, the horrors of cross-examination, are factors calculated to induce any man to be 'amicable' toward his petitioning wife rather than fight in open court a cruelty charge either true or invented.

If adultery alone is sufficient to enable a woman to divorce her husband, why is it deemed necessary to add a charge of cruelty? The question answers itself — to persuade the husband to comply with her monetary demands. This practice is increasing and ought to be suppressed. But it must be fairly said that such procedure is only prevalent in the lesser divorce cases, and is carried on only by a few disreputable solicitors. No solicitor of repute or standing lends himself to the practice.

Still, there is one way of checking it or stopping it completely — to amend the new Divorce Act so as to compel the wife to rely solely on a charge of adultery, and to prohibit her from adding either desertion or cruelty in her divorce petition.

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BOOKS FOR THE JOURNEY[1]

BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

ALL tourists cherish an illusion, of which no amount of experience can ever completely cure them; they imagine that they will find time, in the course of their travels, to do a lot of reading. They see themselves, at the end of a day's sight-seeing or motoring, or while they are sitting in the train, studiously turning over the pages of all the vast and serious works which at ordinary seasons they never find time to read. They start for a fortnight's tour in France, taking with them *The Critique of Pure Reason*, *Appearance and Reality*, the complete works of Dante, and *The Golden Bough*. They come home to make the discovery that they have read something less than half a chapter of the *Golden Bough* and the first fifty-two lines of the *Inferno*. But that does not prevent them from taking just as many books the next time they set out on their travels.

Long experience has taught me to reduce in some slight measure the dimensions of my traveling-library. But even now I am far too optimistic about my powers of reading while on a journey. Along with the books which I know it is possible to read, I still continue to put in a few impossible volumes in the pious hope that some day, somehow, they will get read. Thick tomes have traveled with me for thousands of kilometres across the face of Europe and have returned with their secrets unviolated. But whereas in the past I took nothing but thick tomes, and a great quantity of them at that, I now take only one or two, and for the rest pack only the sort of books which I know by experience can be read in a hotel bedroom after a day's sight-seeing.

The qualities essential in a good traveling-book are these. It should be a work of such a kind that one can open it anywhere and be sure of finding something interesting, complete in itself, and susceptible of being read in a short time. A book requiring continuous attention and prolonged mental effort is useless on a voyage; for leisure, when one travels, is brief and tinged with physical fatigue, the mind distracted and unapt to make protracted exertions.

Few traveling-books are better than a good anthology of poetry, in which every page contains something complete and perfect in itself. The brief respites from labor which the self-immolated tourist allows himself cannot be more delightfully filled than with the reading of poetry, which may even be got by heart; for the mind, though reluctant to follow an argument, takes pleasure in the slight labor of committing melodious words to memory.

In the choice of anthologies every traveler must please himself. My own favorite is Edward Thomas's *Pocket Book of Poems and Songs for the Open Air*. Thomas was a man of wide reading and of exquisite taste, and peculiarly gifted, moreover, to be an anthologist of the open air. For out of the huge tribe of modern versifiers who have babbled of green fields, Thomas is almost the only one whom one feels to

[1] From the *Saturday Review* (English Tory weekly)

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be a 'nature poet' (the expression is somehow rather horrible, but there is no other) by right of birth and the conquest of real sympathy and understanding. It is not everyone who says Lord, Lord, that shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; and few, very few of those who cry Cuckoo, Cuckoo, shall be admitted into the company of nature poets. For proof of this I refer my readers to the various volumes of Georgian poetry.

Equally well adapted, with poetry, to the traveler's need, are collections of aphorisms or maxims. If they are good, — and they must be very good indeed, for there is nothing more dismal than a 'great thought' enunciated by an author who has not himself the elements of greatness, — maxims make the best of all reading. They take a minute to read and provide matter upon which thought can ruminate for hours. None are to be preferred to La Rochefoucauld's. Myself, I always reserve my upper left-hand waistcoat pocket for a small sexto-decimo reprint of the *Maximes*. It is a book to which there is no bottom or end. For with every month that one lives, with every accession to one's knowledge both of oneself and of others, it means something more. La Rochefoucauld knew almost everything about the human soul, so that nearly every discovery one can make oneself, as one advances through life, has been anticipated by him and formulated in the briefest and most elegant phrases.

I say advisedly that La Rochefoucauld knew 'almost' everything about the human soul; for it is obvious that he did not know all. He knew everything about the souls of human beings in so far as they are social animals. Of the soul of man in solitude — of man when he is no more interested in the social pleasures and successes which were, to La Rochefoucauld, so all-important — he knew little or nothing. If we desire to know something about the human soul in solitude, — in its relations, not to man, but to God, — we must go elsewhere — to the Gospels, to the novels of Dostoevskii, for example.

But man in his social relationships has never been more accurately described, and his motives never more delicately analyzed, than by La Rochefoucauld. The aphorisms vary considerably in value; but the best of them — and their number is surprisingly large — are astonishingly profound and pregnant. They resume a vast experience. In a sentence La Rochefoucauld compresses as much material as would serve a novelist for a long story. Conversely, it would not surprise me to learn that many novelists turn to the *Maximes* for suggestions for plots and characters. It is impossible, for example, to read Proust without being reminded of the *Maximes*, or the *Maximes* without being reminded of Proust. '*Le plaisir de l'amour est d'aimer, et l'on est plus heureux par la passion que l'on a que par celle que l'on donne.*' '*Il y a des gens si remplis d'eux-mêmes, que lorsqu'ils sont amoureux ils trouvent moyen d'être occupés de leur passion sans l'être de la personne qu'ils aiment.*' What are all the love stories in *À la Recherche du Temps Perdu* but enormous amplifications of these aphorisms? Proust is La Rochefoucauld magnified ten thousand times.

Another excellent book for a journey — for it combines expansive aphorisms with anecdotes — is Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, which the Oxford Press now issues, on India paper, in a single small octavo volume. All travelers, by the way, owe much to the exertions of Henry Frowde, of the Oxford Press, the inventor, or at least the European reinventor, of that fine rag-paper, impregnated with mineral matter to give

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it opacity, which we call India paper. What the aphorism is to the philosophical treatise the India-paper volume is to the ponderous editions of the past. All Shakespeare, perfectly legible, gets into a volume no bigger than a single novel by the late Charles Garvice. All Pepys, or as much of him as the British public is allowed to read, can now be fitted into three pockets. And the Bible, reduced to an inch in thickness, must surely be in danger of losing those bullet-stopping qualities which it used, at any rate in romantic novels, to possess. Thanks to Henry Frowde, one can get a million words of reading-matter into a rucksack and hardly feel the difference in its weight.

India paper and photography have rendered possible the inclusion in a portable library of what in my opinion is the best traveler's book of all — a volume (any one of the thirty-two will do) of the twelfth, half-size edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. It takes up very little room, — eight and a half inches by six and a half by one is not excessive, — it contains about a thousand pages, and an almost countless number of curious and improbable facts. It can be dipped into anywhere; its component chapters are complete in themselves, and not too long. For the traveler, disposing as he does only of brief half-hours, it is the perfect book, the more so since I take it that, being a born traveler, he is likely also to be one of those desultory and self-indulgent readers to whom the *Encyclopædia*, when not used for some practical purpose, must specially appeal.

I never pass a day away from home without taking a volume of the *Britannica* with me. It is the book of books. Turning over its pages, rummaging among the stores of fantastically varied facts which the hazards of alphabetical arrangement bring together, I wallow in my mental vice. A stray volume of the *Encyclopædia* is like the mind of a learned madman — stored with correct ideas, between which, however, there is no other connection than the fact that there is a B in both. From orach, or mountain spinach, one passes direct to oracles.

That one does not oneself go mad, or become in the process of reading the *Encyclopædia* a mine of useless and unrelated knowledge, is due to the fact that one forgets. The mind has a vast capacity for oblivion — providentially; otherwise, in the chaos of futile memories, it would be impossible to remember anything useful or coherent. In practice, we work with generalizations, abstracted out of the turmoil of realities. If we remembered everything perfectly we should never be able to generalize at all, for there would appear before our minds nothing but individual images, precise and different. Without ignorance we could not generalize. Let us thank Heaven for our powers of forgetting. With regard to the *Encyclopædia*, they are enormous. The mind remembers only that of which it has some need. Five minutes after reading about mountain spinach, the ordinary man, who is neither a botanist nor a cook, has forgotten all about it. Read for amusement, the *Encyclopædia* serves only to distract for the moment; it does not instruct, it deposits nothing on the surface of the mind that will remain; it is a mere time-killer and momentary tickler of the mind. I use it only for amusement on my travels; I should be ashamed to indulge so wantonly in mere curiosity at home, during seasons of serious business.

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FLYING IN PERSIA[1]

BY WALTER MITTELHOLZER

February 24. My magnificent metal bird has carried me to-day from Teheran to the Persian Gulf, across great lakes, over deserts and high mountains, following a thousand kilometres of caravan-road trodden by traders for untold centuries. I have made the trip in six hours. It takes the fastest caravans thirty days, and automobiles — with difficulty — at least twelve days.

Six weeks have made me somewhat familiar with Persia and its weather. When my machine had been reconditioned in Teheran after its long trip from Switzerland and its slight accident south of the capital, I made several short flights with Persian Cabinet officers and postal officials in order to show what modern aviation really is.

At 8.10 A.M. this morning Bissegger and I, with a young Persian interpreter and 420 litres of gasoline on board, left the frozen capital of Persia, wrapped in the icy arms of winter, for what was to me the unknown South. I planned to reach Bushire on the hot Persian Gulf in a continuous flight. My luggage included a camera and film for 500 exposures, for the trip was made in the interest of science as well as of the Persian Postal Service, and no maps or photographs existed of a large part of the country I was to fly over.

For weeks the sky at Teheran had been cloudless. Ideal flying-weather! But it was impossible to learn what conditions were at the Gulf, where the climate is entirely different, because telegraph service is so slow that by the time a report arrived it was already out of date.

This morning, as I skimmed at a low altitude over the bright golden domes of the oasis of Shah Abdul Azim and crossed the red-brown desert beyond, I felt exhilarated and confident. The air was calm and clear; my motor was running perfectly. My two companions in the observer's compartment behind were seated on the floor, because it was filled with cases of reserve gasoline. Bissegger's head kept constantly bobbing up, but I never saw the Persian. Apparently he was not interested in the scenery. I soon learned why. When we had crossed 200 kilometres of salt desert and the town of Kashan was a hundred metres directly below, nestled at the foot of lofty, snow-covered mountains, I began to photograph, and in order to sweep the whole horizon made several curves. This, combined with the bumpy air from the mountains, made our plane toss about. The result was that the poor Persian became violently seasick, and remained so until we landed.

After leaving Kashan, looking very mediæval with its lofty towers and walls, I rose higher in order to cross directly a mountain-range 3200 metres high and reach the broad valley of Zindeh Rud, where the ancient capital of Persia, Ispahan, lies. The sudden change in the scenery was typical of Persia. Around Kashan the meadows and green fields, watered by mountain streams, were green as emerald, but the neighboring mountains, with their lofty ridges and plateaus, lay deep in

[1] From *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal-Republican daily), *March* 24, *April* 2, 5

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snow. From my elevation at 4000 metres I could see a mighty Alpine wall toward the southeast, beyond which still other mountain-ranges were dimly visible in the remote distance.

After flying southward over several villages, I found myself at 10.25 A. M. above the great city of Ispahan, which covers about the same area as Zurich. Descending to a lower altitude, I photographed wonderful buildings erected in the golden age of the Persian kings, Hasht Behesht and Chehel Situn Palaces, rose gardens hidden from curious gazers behind lofty mud walls, mosques crowned with proud, graceful domes, pigeon towers, and a labyrinth of vaulted adobe-roofs, and narrow, crooked streets and alleys. I flew over the city twice. Clusters of women with children in their arms stood on the roofs of their harems unveiled, but I caught no distinct glimpse of their faces as my metal bird sped past at 150 kilometres an hour; for I was busy photographing and steering. Not until the fleeting vision of the moment takes permanent form under the red light of my dark room shall I know precisely what I saw. That will be a second discovery. I could not linger, for a glance at my gasoline dial and chronometer cautioned me not to tarry over this fairylike city. I must reach the shores of the Indian Ocean, more than 600 kilometres away, before nightfall.

Although my maps were practically worthless, the route beyond Ispahan was easy to identify, because it followed the great caravan-road to the South, which was marked by a bright line across the brown desert-sand. Immediately after leaving Ispahan it winds through a narrow mountain pass between gigantic sugar-loaves — as they appeared to be from my high altitude — and into a country as barren and crater-broken as a lunar landscape. The cliffs exposed horizontal strata that seemed, to my layman's eyes, of comparatively recent geological formation. The dark reddish-brown peaks, weathered to a point, recalled both by their form and their material the Holtedahl Plateau in Spitzbergen, except that there flat inland ice framed the mountains, instead of flat desert sand.

After flying for half an hour at about 2200 metres' altitude, or only a little higher than the surrounding mountains, I passed the Qumisheh Oasis, and half an hour later Yazd-i-Khast, perched like a robber baron's castle on a precipitous terrace. At 11.50 I was above Abadeh.

So far the caravan-road had been free from snow and clearly visible. At this point the land rose higher and the road was lost in the drifts. Mountains 4000 metres high stood directly athwart my path to Bushire. I considered rapidly whether it would be better to follow the longer but safer caravan-route via Deh Bid and Shiraz in a big detour to the southward, or to fly straight across the half-explored mountains, where only wild nomads dwell, to the Persian Gulf. My gasoline was going rapidly, and I chose the latter course. It would save me one hundred kilometres' flying, but make an emergency landing very risky. So I gave my motor full gas and, trusting to its reliability, started on the hardest stage of the trip — two hundred kilometres across high plateaus alternating with parallel mountain-ranges. It was midday. The hot sun produced the air vortexes that make flying in Persia, particularly in the summer time, exceedingly difficult. We were tossed about unmercifully. I pitied the poor Persian lying flat on his back in the bottom of the compartment behind me. Keeping at an altitude of 4500 metres, I descried about an hour later the blue, snow-free coast-range to the

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southward that skirts the Persian Gulf. At 1.20 a tiny silver ribbon, that grew rapidly wider, shimmered in the southwest — the sea, the Persian Gulf on the Indian Ocean! I now ceased to worry lest my gasoline give out, and descended gradually at 180 kilometres an hour from my frigid height to the warm, almost hot, air of the Gulf. At 1.40 I bad final farewell to the wild, weathered coast-mountains, and keeping the Dalila river-bed on my right, skimmed over fertile lowlands carpeted with green meadows, yellow stubble, and date groves to the Peninsula of Bushire, on whose northern point the crowded white adobe-houses of the South Persian city clustered like a honeycomb.

Smoke columns, lighted by order of the Persian Government to direct me as soon as I was sighted, were already rising from the aviation field, which is excellently administered by an English personnel. After taking a photographic panorama of the town, the sea, and the lagoon from a low altitude, I landed at 2.16 P.M. A party of Persians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Germans, who had hastened out from town in automobiles, gave me a joyful welcome. The telegram announcing my departure from Teheran had arrived only half an hour before, and they did not expect me until much later.

Bissegger and I lost no time removing our heavy-felt aviation suits, for it was hotter than midsummer at home, and in contrast with the morning frigidity at Teheran almost suffocating. Then I made a short flight over the town with two Persians and a couple of young Germans, who were our hosts, after which we were taken in an automobile to a country estate twelve kilometres outside the city, over a road lying between verdant grainfields and glorious palm-groves. As I write these lines I see from the verandah where I sit the sun slowly sinking through a cloudless heaven in the west toward a deep-blue, surf-bordered sea, and my thoughts wander still farther westward to my homeland.

March 9. My sojourn on the Persian Gulf lasted longer than I anticipated. I could not get the proper gasoline for my motor, and in attempting to use a lighter quality overheated the engine and cracked a piston head. Two reserve motors were already awaiting me at Bushire, but unfortunately were sixty-five horsepower weaker than the one I had been using. This made it impossible to take our Persian interpreter with us on our return to Teheran.

As we had practically no facilities to work with, the installation of the new motor took considerable time, so I was not able to test it until eleven days after my arrival. Finally, late in the afternoon of March 7, Bissegger reported that the job was finished. Eager to ascertain how the plane would act under weaker power, I made a flight alone at seven that evening. Moonlight such as one sees only in the clear transparent air of Persia cast a veil of enchantment over the exotic Southern landscape. The great sandy plain of the aviation field was almost as light as day, so that I took off without the slightest inconvenience. I started at once with full gas, and the flames shot forth with spectrelike flashes from the exhaust of the thundering motor. Rising higher and higher in cautious curves around the aviation field, gradually leaving the hot humid air at the surface for the refreshing chill 2000 metres above, I put the new engine through its paces. It worked well.

Relieved of that anxiety, I circled wider and wider over the silent, unlighted city in the silvery sheen below. Far beneath me the lagoon reflected the full moon in its glassy surface. Feathery flocks of mist drifted across

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its mirror like dancing fays, and the sea itself glistened like molten silver. Far to the north I could catch the pale glimmer of distant snow-peaks through the warm pulsating air of the desert foreground. The atmosphere was absolutely quiet. Enraptured with the magic of this glorious Southern moonlight, I circled farther and farther afield, forgetful of time and place. At length a beacon fire, kindled at the aviation field by my worried machinist, called me back to the earth again.

Next day was spent thoroughly testing the motor and in ascertaining its gasoline-consumption and radiator temperature, for an emergency landing in the southern part of Persia would not only cost us the plane, but would mean weeks, possibly months, of isolation from the world.

At 6.10 this morning, when the first flush of dawn was barely visible behind the jagged peaks to the eastward, I started with Bissegger and 460 litres of gasoline on board. We rose very slowly, and I missed painfully my old and stronger motor. Although it was so early, until we passed the 1500-metre level the air was much warmer than it is in Switzerland in midsummer. The thermometer on my radiator mounted with disconcerting rapidity, and I was bathed in perspiration in my warm felt suit. I gave a last backward glance to the city, its encircling palm-groves, and the Persian Gulf, where the weekly steamer had just lifted anchor and headed for Bombay, trailing a long line of smoke behind her.

At seven o'clock we had crossed the eighty kilometres of coast desert and the first mountain-range, and were flying at a height of 3000 metres above the beautiful verdant mountain-valley that surrounds Lake Famur. I shall not pause here to describe the wild lonely region upon which we now entered. It is inhabited only by nomads, has never been mapped with even approximate accuracy, and indeed has scarcely been visited by Europeans. My photographs will probably give the first reliable data as to its contours. On three occasions I crossed long massive mountain-ranges over 4000 metres high, separated by broad valleys whose rivers were running at full flood. Now and then I made out the black tents of nomads camped at some green spot below.

After two and one-half hours' flying, which passed very quickly while I was so busy photographing and watching the scenery, I picked up the caravan-route, distinctly visible, near Mahiar. Here I was in familiar country again. It seemed as if I had known it for years, so reassuring was it to get back to a landscape seen only once before. To the right, beyond jagged peaks surrounded by great mounds of débris, lay alkali deserts. To the northeast, as far as the vision reached, extended bright-brown barren plains, interspersed with stretches of shining white alkali. In the middle of this flat expanse of country lay a large salt lake. I was approaching Ispahan, which I intended to leave on my left in order to steer directly for Mount Damavand. But when I calculated my gasoline supply, I found it would take me to Teheran but would not permit me to make the detour over Damavand I had planned. So I decided to land at Ispahan to refuel. I flew over the city three times at a low altitude, making a successful film of the dome and minaret-crowned capital of Shah Abbas II, and landed at 10.10 A.M., exactly four hours after leaving Bushire, in front of the gates and walls of Julfa, the Armenian town, which is connected with Ispahan proper by three fine large bridges across the Zindeh Rud. I had already observed crowds hastening toward the aviation field. Before many minutes had

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elapsed we were completely encircled by a great throng of curious spectators, including many heavily veiled women, who broke through their traditional reserve by coquettishly revealing their faces an instant in their eagerness to see better. Several of them were really handsome.

Fortunately soldiers were on the spot. As soon as I showed my credentials from the Ministry of War they placed guards around the machine. A moment later, to my delighted surprise, I heard myself called by name, in genuine St. Gall dialect, by someone in the crowd. It was the wife of the English Director of Telegraphs, who rushed forward and greeted me and the plane with the enthusiasm of a homesick exile. To her surprise I took out of my cardcase a tiny packet — a Christmas gift that her parents had given me shortly before I left Zurich, and that, in spite of all my delays, now reached her before the letter announcing its dispatch.

Naturally I was made at home by her and her husband. She remembered me well as a schoolboy. In fact, we had been confirmed at the same time — a strange coincidence. Her husband, who had resided in Persia for many years, was enthusiastic over my mission, believing that air transportation is destined to revolutionize life in this isolated country. The two could scarcely convince themselves that I had come from the Persian Gulf to Ispahan in four hours. Last autumn they spent thirty-five toilsome days on the road making the same journey — and had to fight bandits in addition.

March 10. In spite of the high altitude of Ispahan, 1600 metres above the sea, the night was mild. A great crowd has gathered at the aviation field to watch our preparations for the start. The sun beats down upon us with surprising force as we work. A slight haze in the atmosphere cuts off our view of the lofty mountain-range to the north that I plan to cross, but the city, lying at the foot of the elevation on which the flying-field lies, and the neighboring mountains present an enchanting scene.

We say good-bye to our hospitable hosts, our plane speeds a short distance down the bumpy declivity, and at 8 A.M. we are in the air. Below us in the vast, glistening marble courtyard of the great Masjed-i-Shah Mosque hundreds of the faithful are prostrate in their devotions, when our great metal bird with its roaring motor skims over their startled heads. Passing the ruins of royal palaces and a sea of domes, minarets, and walls, I am a moment later above green grainfields and scattered villages. These quickly make way for the illimitable desert, and little by little the outlines of the Kargiz Mountains, more than 4200 metres high, define themselves against the low horizon ahead. Forty minutes after leaving Ispahan the highest of their peaks is beneath my feet. Reddish-brown, horizontally stratified precipices extend northward until they end in the weathered cliffs that border the great salt desert. Since I passed here fourteen days ago the snow has vanished, but no blush of vegetation has taken its place.

To the north the air is gray and misty. My eyes seek in vain the proud snow-pyramid of Damavand, which was such a glorious vision even 250 kilometres away when I approached it before. My hope of being the first to circle its virgin summit sinks, for the sun grows dimmer and dimmer behind a tenuous cloud-curtain.

Descending in a long glide from my 4500-metre level, I pass at a low altitude at 9.05 A.M. the city of Kashan, which I film as we sweep past. Then I follow the caravan-route toward Kum,

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in order to visit the famous Shiite place of pilgrimage, with its gold-domed mosque. At times we fly not more than ten metres above the road, overtaking caravan after caravan and secretly enjoying the wild confusion produced by our roaring motor. The camels merely lift their heads in the air with stoical composure, but the mules stampede in all directions, leaping over ditches and holes and scattering their heavy packs behind them. This amusement does not last long, for the country soon grows rougher, and prudence bids me seek a higher altitude. Half an hour later, when I am flying at about the 3000-metre level, I descry in the gray mistiness ahead a glistening, almost symmetrical triangle. At first I fancy it is an optical illusion. A few minutes later, however, its identity is clear. It is the topmost peak of Damavand projecting above her veil of mist. Shall I risk the adventure upon which my heart is set? I estimate that I am still about ninety kilometres south of the mountain, and giving my motor full gas I rise until I emerge from the cloud layer into the dazzling bright sunshine above. At half-past ten I reach 5000 metres. Below me rolls a billowy cloud-sea, the heaven above is a black-blue, and in front of me stretches a chaos of snowy summits overtopped at least a thousand metres by the mighty crater of Damavand. Here and there through a break in the clouds I catch short glimpses of mountain villages perched like swallows' nests in narrow canyons between white cascades and green declivities.

It is just 11.46 A.M. when, at an altitude of 5700 metres, I skim over the rounded summit of the Damavand scarcely thirty metres above its highest point, heading directly north into the misty beyond. I remove my hand from the steering gear a moment to take my camera, which Bissegger has just reloaded, when we are suddenly thrown from our seats and the plane plunges headlong downward. It is several seconds before I regain control, during which the mountain seems to have shot skyward behind me. A glance at the barometer shows that we have been sucked down to 5500 metres. During this quick descent the motor stops two or three times because the gasoline floods the carburetor. As a result we plunge and pitch violently — a decidedly uncomfortable situation. How much simpler and safer it would have been with my old full-power motor! With that it would be mere child's play to rise to 6000 metres, where there is no danger of encountering sudden down-currents.

On the north the mountains descend rapidly with wooded canyons to the rice fields of Mazandaran and the Caspian Sea, whose coastline is dimly visible. I make a great curve to the left and again to the north, fly back across Damavand, this time at a respectful distance, and bend southwestward over several long ranges toward Teheran. In the remote west three snowy ranges more than 4500 metres high rise clear and well defined from the surrounding sea of mountains. I make one more circle to feast my eyes for the last time on the magnificent panorama. Then I say farewell.

At 3600 metres I pass through an aperture in the cloud-blanket where we are again tossed hither and thither like a bouncing ball, and reach a lower air-stratum not far from Teheran. Already a touch of spring is in the air. It is agreeably warm, and green is visible in the gardens of the capital where all was bare and brown when I left two weeks ago. Nearly four hours after leaving Ispahan I land easily, at 11.50, on the field in front of Kazvin Gate.

This unforgettable flight ends my aviation experience in Persia. I have

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not done all I planned to do, because my unexpected delay in Smyrna cost priceless time. I am due home. My plane has been accepted by the Persian Government, and in the hands of its new German pilot will, I hope, make many a successful and important journey. In a total of seventy-one flying-hours, during the middle of winter, when we aviators in Switzerland are usually forced by foggy weather to stick to the house, I have covered approximately 11,000 kilometres, over land and sea, in two continents.

ON DISLIKING DICKENS[1]

BY A. B. WALKLEY

BELIEVE me, I would as soon damn the equator as speak a disrespectful word of Dickens. I wish to live on terms of good comradeship with my fellow men, or at the least to preserve a whole skin. But this much common honesty compels me to admit: I am but a tepid Dickensian. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. I look round my bookshelves and I see twenty volumes of Balzac, stout fellows, but only one of Dickens. It is a cheap, ill-printed little *Pickwick*, which I once bought at a railway bookstall to verify a quotation about the retired government servant, the crumpet-lover, who lived at Kensington. The truth is, I am constantly getting into trouble with my friends for confusing the 'crumpets' of Sam Weller's anecdote with muffins. My excuse is that Dickens *generally* refers to muffins, rather than to crumpets. His departure from his usual practice in Sam Weller's anecdote is a 'catch' for the unwary. Hence the little *Pickwick* volume. But stay! I see a *David Copperfield* and a *Little Dorrit* high up on a top shelf. I had forgotten I possessed them! They are dated, I see, 1850 and 1857 (Heavens! *Can* they be First Editions?), and came to me by inheritance, on which account I ought the more tenderly to have cherished them. Still, as Mrs. Flora Finching says, ' 'T is distance lends enchantment to the view, at least I don't mean that, and if I did I suppose it would depend considerably on the nature of the view, but I'm running on again. . . .' Anyhow, I have said enough for you to see with half an eye, without my admission, that I am but a tepid Dickensian. I have read him all through, 'slap-bang through, Mr. Boffin,' in my youth, when one reads everything; but now I find I am content to take him as read.

My apologies to all whom this statement will offend. There must be a good many of them. I know what they will say. 'It does n't matter a brass farthing whether *you* care to read Dickens or not; we can let that pass with a sigh of pity. What offends us is the outrageous indecency of your publishing your shame. It is as bad to us as brawling in church.' For your true or hard-shell Dickensian deifies his idol. He has all my sympathy. You love the writer of your choice as you love a woman, as unreasonably, with the same touch of madness. What indeed would become of literature were it not for its passionate

[1] From the *Times* (London Conservative daily), *March* 25

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lovers? It would serve merely as texts for copy books and padding for encyclopædias. Is there anyone who can shed tears over the deaths of Paul Dombey and Little Nell? I declare I envy him; he is in the blessed state of what theologians call grace, unattainable by outsiders.

But there is another class of men among whom Dickens seems to have had, not an apotheosis, but all the same a kind of resurrection. These are the academics. In Dickens's lifetime they held aloof from him. He had, conspicuously, the nonacademic mind, and they could not but be conscious of it. There was almost a class prejudice in the case. 'The most characteristic part of his audience, the lower middle-class, were ready to receive with delight the least favorable production of his genius,' wrote Walter Bagehot in 1858. Bagehot was too fine a critic not to recognize the creative genius of Dickens, his immense influence wherever the English language was spoken; but you see the tone — it was mainly for the lower middle-classes. Then there came a reaction, and Dickens, from being almost a pariah, became a pet of the academics. The late Andrew Lang was one of the first. He could not read Dickens all through, he admitted, but he could read *in* Dickens with more delight than in any other author. Accordingly he reveled in quotations from the funny parts of Dickens.

I count in the little circle of my friends two men, academics both, who indulge in the same revelry. One is a scholar, who has Apollonius Rhodius in his pocket and Quintus Smyrnæus at his fingers' ends — and who, whenever I have the temerity to venture on a Greek word, puts in the accents entirely out of his own head. He is simply a marvel on *Pickwick*. I think he must be able to finish any sentence you like to begin from any page of that immortal book. Another is a 'champion' at some game or other, and it seems almost impious for a common man to claim a 'champion' for a friend. I hope he won't be incensed when he sees that in calling myself his friend I am obviously, like the livin' skellinton, proud o' the title. Well, he knows his *Pickwick*, I believe, as well as the scholar, and his Dickens at large, perhaps, better.

Now I have taken a long time coming to another, and a most distinguished, academic Dickensian — Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, Fellow of Jesus College and King Edward VII Professor of English Literature in the University of Cambridge. Sir Arthur has been lecturing on Dickens to the University, and the lecture has just been reprinted by the Cambridge Press. How one envies those happy undergraduates, setting out on the great Dickens adventure under the guidance of this professor! *They* will be able to reel off *Pickwick* by the yard when in later days they become scholars or champions; *they* will never confuse crumpets with muffins; they will even know all about Mr. F.'s aunt. But always with an elegance of literary discrimination, ranking Dickens along with Shakespeare and Jane Austen and Tolstoi and the other 'grandees of literature,' and never turning him down among 'the lower middle-classes.'

I do not think I ever read a fairer estimate of Dickens than Sir Arthur's. He is as alive to his faults as ever Bagehot was, but how different the tone with which he alludes to them! He traces his fatal passion for absurd stage-plots to the misfortunes of his early upbringing, and asks, 'Is it any wonder that this street-boy of genius, coming to his own, invoked out of the theatre a new world, to redress the balance of his old?' In remarking his immense power over millions of men, he notes his con-

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sciousness of that power and his intense sense of the responsibility entailed by it. He protests roundly against the absurd habit of *classifying* great artists. 'It has already been objected against these lectures that they treat Dickens as a genius of the first class. That term has little meaning for me, who seldom or never think — can hardly bring myself to think — of great men in class-lists, in terms of a tripos.' Bravo! Further, this professor of English literature reminds us of what is much to the point in academic circles, that Dickens *could write* delicate English prose and 'derives in turn of phrase as in intonation from the great eighteenth-century novelists.' Bravissimo! And now let me betake myself to my Balzac.

MARTHA'S YOUNG MAN[1]

BY EDWIN PUGH

If perseverance deserves success, Martha deserved a husband.

She was a good girl, and the worst thing her enemies could say about her was: 'Oh, but she has such a *pleasant* face!'

Her father was a prosperous lamp-maker who disapproved of all things he could not at once understand, and especially his wife's cooking. Her mother was a lady who had once spoken to a baronet. Martha was the first-born of the family, and from her there descended, in a slow diminuendo, a long line of boys and girls that reached its lowest point in the arms of the little old nursemaid.

Martha was at some slight disadvantage with her brothers and sisters, because she could remember a time when they all lived in two small rooms in an unclean suburban slum and fared but meagrely, while they, her bloated juniors, had no such memories to shake their self-complacency in their present estate.

The results of Martha's earliest experiences were ineradicable. She could cook and sew and scrub, and she did not know or care about the latest fashions. She hated aitches, tubbing, bobbing, shingling, veils, gloves, ceremony, table napkins, slang, cigarettes, short skirts and shorter bodices. She loved, above all things, sentiment, and scandal, and 'scenes.' But she had not the courage of her secret tastes and predilections, and so she tried to dissemble. She tried to dress as her sisters dressed, to wear her hair as they wore theirs, to talk, laugh, cough, swear, smoke, swagger, and generally to bear herself after their fashion.

Her three sisters obtained husbands and left the home roof; a brother married also, and there was now so large a gap between her and her nearest senior that sometimes strangers mistook her for the mother of the brood.

There had been men who looked on her kindly for a while, had seemed to feel a great tenderness toward her, had almost avowed their love, — and one had kissed her, — but after a time it always happened that women with more charms than hers had claimed them, or

[1] From *T. P.'s & Cassell's Weekly* (London popular journal), *April* 11

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they had gone away, and she was left weeping.

And then Mr. Henry Withers stepped into her life. He was small and pale and fair, with blue eyes very wide open and staring, and a ruffled flaxen head of hair, and the aspect and the demeanor of a startled hen. He was a cheesemonger in a small way.

It was Martha's mother who brought him home. He had been most kind to her. She had slipped in the act of alighting from an omnibus, and twisted her ankle, and dropped her bag, and spilled fivepence in the gutter. And Mr. Withers had acted the Good Samaritan with such consummate grace that she had insisted on his coming indoors and having a dish of tea.

'I would n't have dared to ask you twenty years ago,' said Martha's mother; 'but one may do almost anything nowadays, may n't one? Things have changed so. I remember when I was a girl — Oh, this is my eldest daughter.'

Martha, who had entered with the tea-tray, — the maid had a headache, — was put to confusion by the spectacle of her mother in close conversation with a perfect stranger, and blushed profusely. She set down the tray on the table with a bump, and said timidly: 'How do you do?'

Mr. Henry Withers was very shy and silent, and he never laughed, though he giggled. He was proud of being a cheesemonger, his father having been a mere greengrocer, and mentioned his calling in his only memorable remark that afternoon.

When he was gone Martha's mother said: 'Well?'

Martha, whose ideal man was something of a blend that included Owen Nares, a sheik, and Douglas Fairbanks, simpered vacantly and said: 'He *is* a funny little chap — eh? You know what I mean, ma?'

'I 'm afraid, Martha, I do *not* know what you mean.'

'Well,' said Martha, with a sudden change of front, — and this was due to a flash of intuition, — 'I mean he reminds me of me.'

'This is nonsense,' said Martha's mother. 'I thought him very — what is the word? — receptive. Yes.'

But Martha went away and pondered.

'I do believe he is like me,' she said to herself, again and again, as she sat on the edge of her bed with her chin in her hands. 'I don't know why I think so, but I do. I believe he is just longing, like me, for someone to love him. And nobody ever has. It seems funny in a man, but I do believe I 'm right.' She jerked her chin and nodded her head, and uttered a cunning laugh. 'I *am* right, too.'

On a certain day she met him, by means of an artistic accident, in a street near his home. He lived over the shop in which he worked, but had come out for a stroll, he said. He seemed much more glib and self-possessed in the open air than he had been in her mother's stuffy parlor.

'We might stroll together,' he said.

'Oh, dare I?' she cried.

'Of course you dare,' he said valiantly. 'We 've been introduced all right. Why not?'

'I don't think I ought to,' she stammered.

'It 'll do you good,' he said. 'Don't you want to be done good?'

His wit surprised her. She began to doubt if her original conception of his character had not been wildly wrong. He seemed so dashing and debonair in this new atmosphere. But when she looked at him again her old conviction returned to her, and a soft warm glow suffused her being: at last she felt superior to a fellow creature. She began to snub him, gently and mildly.

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Soon she had him in a state of dire abjection. She talked, and he listened. She asked questions, and when he would have answered them she said: 'Oh, please, I have n't finished.' And then he radiated apologies. Thus they were very happy — so much so that it was ten o'clock before they parted at her garden gate.

The acquaintance ripened fast. Mr. Henry Withers became a constant visitor at the house. Very soon an understanding was established. He was, officially, Martha's young gentleman.

Martha's cup of joy was now brimful to overflowing. Henry was always so devoted and kind, and he never forgot that he loved her, even when excited by his own conversation. And, like all shy, silent men, he would talk prodigiously, eloquently, when he was alone with a sympathetic listener. The thunderous diatribes in which Martha's father would sometimes indulge smote Henry dumb in an instant; the ebbless tide of Martha's mother's small talk swept him away, left him stranded and gasping. But when he was under the stars with his sweetheart, and there was no one else to hear, he would boldly controvert all that Martha's father had said, and even cast a mordant doubt on the verisimilitude of some of the more strained reminiscences of Martha's mother. For this Martha admired him intensely, thrillingly.

He never tired of asking her, 'Do you love me?'

'I think so,' she said at first; then, 'Oh, yes. I must love you. I must.' Then, 'Of course I love you.' Then, 'Oh, how I love you! How much! How dearly!'

'Do you love me better than anything else in the world?' he asked one evening.

She was afraid to answer truly.

'Have you ever loved any other man?'

She confessed that she had; and her married sisters would have applauded her for that feminine touch.

'Did you ever love any of those other fellows better than me?'

At first she said she was not sure. Then she said: 'I don't believe I loved them at all. I only thought I loved them.'

Their intimacy grew closer, more tender, and presently Martha's jealous love for Henry Withers moved her to ask if he had ever loved any other girl before he met her.

He said, 'No.' And she was happy for nearly ten minutes. Then she asked, 'Are you sure?'

'I swear it,' he said.

'Kiss me, then,' she said.

He kissed her, but only once, and she had a feeling of trouble at her heart.

She could never afterward tell when it began, but slowly Henry Withers seemed to change toward her. He seemed not so eager to kiss her, to wring promises of unfailing, unfaltering constancy from her. It fell to her to take the initiative sometimes. She became the wooer, he the wooed. She saw that again in this puzzling game of love she had somehow failed to play her hand to her own best advantage. She had held this man fast, and now she was losing him faster. All her small store of feminine arts and graces she put forth to retain her hold on him.

They were to be married in a month or so.

He began to ask: 'Do you think we shall be happy — you and me?'

She laughed till her heartstrings cracked and bled as she answered him: 'Why, of course, you old goose.'

'You think I 'm awfully good and all that, but I 've been a fair demon, really,' said Henry Withers. 'I 'm not sure I 'm a fit husband for any decent gel. A wicked widow's more my style.'

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He uttered other veiled hints to a like effect, but she ignored them all; and there sprang up about the roots of her deep craving love for him a poisonous undergrowth of contempt. Yet every night she prayed: 'Thank God he ain't got the pluck to tell me that he don't love me any more.'

She hurried on the wedding preparations feverishly. The long vista of morrows dwindled to one; and a morning dawned, and she was in her bridal robes at last.

As they fastened the flowers in her hair and remarked in justifiable surprise that she did not cry, she knew that he would not be at the church, and she longed to tear out the mocking white blossoms and trample them under her dainty shoes. On the way to church she wondered if it would still be bright and sunny when she rode back that way — alone. Her father, stiff and preposterous in his new clothes, escorted her pompously from the carriage, and she stumbled along beside him into the church, hoping she would not shriek.

Out of the chill gloom of the chancel a familiar beloved figure, agitated almost beyond recognition, came tottering toward her.

'Martha!'

With a whispered word Henry Withers pressed her hand. Dazed by the improbability of his presence there, she laid the tips of her trembling fingers lightly on his coat-sleeve, and they walked toward the altar together.

The clergyman began to intone. And she was married after all.

But it is all a thing of long ago, and she forgets now.

EPITAPHS IN ADVANCE[1]

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

I. Dean Inge

Hark! the herald angels sing
timidly, because Dean Inge
has arrived, and seems to be
bored with immortality.

[1] From the *Spectator*

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

BYRON'S LAST WRITING

WHAT its discoverer believes to be the last bit of writing from Lord Byron's pen, published two days after his death, has been dug out by Mr. Walter Seton from among the Archives of the Greek Committee which during the Greek War of Independence represented the insurgents in London and with which Byron as a Greek sympathizer was in communication. This most recent Byron discovery is a short newspaper article, written in Italian and published in the Greek propagandist paper, the *Telegrafo*, to refute statements that had been printed in a Frankfurt newspaper. As early as 1824 the existence of this article, 'supposed to be written by Lord Byron,' is mentioned in English letters from Greece; but the article itself has never been identified, partly because copies of the *Telegrafo* are excessively rare. But one complete file is known to exist.

That file is part of the Committee's archives, which after lying in England for the last century have at length been presented to the Greek Government and are to be sent to Athens. Through the courtesy of the Greek Minister, in whose London legation the archives now lie, Mr. Seton gained access to the papers, and had little difficulty in locating the article, which is dated April 17, 1824. Frankfurt newspapers from February 20 to March 6, which had just reached Missolonghi, where Byron then was, contained 'garbled and inaccurate' statements, against which the poet protested. He indignantly denies the story that Missolonghi had been illuminated to celebrate the death of the Grecophobe Sir Thomas Maitland; and adds an interesting paragraph as to his own literary activity while serving the revolutionary cause of Greece.

'We feel that we are bound to reply to the following Article which appears in this Journal under date 5th March:—

' "There has been distributed in the Ionian Islands the Greek translation of one of the latest poems of Lord Byron, entitled 'The Triumph of Hellas at Missolonghi.'

' "When the news of the death of Sir Thomas Maitland, Lord High Commissioner, was received at Missolonghi, the whole city was illuminated for two nights. His death is counted as a great victory, and his memory will remain among the Greeks an object of execration."

'We do not know whether any Greek poem claiming to be a translation of Lord Byron has been read in the Ionian Islands.

'However, we are authorized to assert that Lord Byron wrote no such poems, and further that for nine months — namely, since his departure from Genoa for Greece — the noble lord has not written any kind of poetical composition. All those which have been published or are being published during this period in London were written prior to this time.

'Not only is it untrue that there were public rejoicings in Missolonghi at the death of Sir Thomas Maitland, but so vile a sentiment never entered the minds of the Greeks.'

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In spite of the use of the third person, — after all a quite natural device to aid anonymity, — Mr. Seton feels certain that this article is the poet's handiwork. His argument, briefly, is that Byron's authorship was suspected by his contemporaries, who knew the man and the circumstances at first hand; that to defend himself and the cause in which he was so soon to die was Byron's natural course; that Byron is known to have written for the *Telegrafo;* that the Italian text does not seem to be of native composition; and that in style it somewhat resembles letters Byron is known to have written in that language.

Mr. Seton's discovery, though it has no great importance in itself, affords an interesting link with the poet in his last days, the more so as in rummaging through the archives he had found, besides the article, three unpublished and unquestionably authentic letters, one in Byron's own handwriting, the other two dictated. Two are mere matters of business. The third describes his arrival at Missolonghi after pursuit by Turkish warships.

Although the archives have been so long in England, no previous scholar seems to have examined them, and it is probable that there are still important documents lying undiscovered in the collection.

✽

A CONFUCIAN UNIVERSITY

CHINA has always been in one way or another a kind of schoolmaster's paradise. It is regrettably true that in these days of revolution the scholar does not always get his salary, but he still has the consolation of knowing that he is a personage above the common station, as his predecessors always have been from immemorial antiquity. Under the old régime only the student who had passed the State examination with high rank could hope for political advancement; and even now, when the modern mania for Western 'civilization' and all its works, including universities, has swept away most of the old literary traditions, the scholar of the new sort is still a person of importance.

But Western-trained young China may have to yield a little of its prestige, for an effort is being made to revive the incredibly old tradition of Confucian scholarship. Of late years universities on the Western model have been springing up like so many mushrooms, and to their number Peking is now to add a Confucian university which will devote itself to the ancient learning and the traditional books.

Nor is this new movement the mere casual reaction of men unacquainted with Occidental thought. The leading spirit is Ku Hung-ming, an accomplished Confucian scholar, who is at the same time deeply read in most European literatures and philosophies. Joining with him are Doctor Chen Hun-chang and a group of other Confucian scholars whose announced aim is to spread the moral, social, and political teachings of Confucius among the rising generation of young China. Like Mr. Ku, whose writings are familiar to every reader of the *Living Age*, Doctor Chen is familiar with the thought of both East and West. Holding the rank of *hanlin*, — that is, member of the old Imperial academy, — he has pursued his Occidental studies in America; but he believes that the remedy for the flood of radical and Communist thought that has poured into China with the throng of returning students will be found in the truths laid down by Kung-fu-tse, whom the West persists in Latinizing as Confucius.

It will be interesting to see whether, after the new university is established, any students from Europe or America turn to it for a knowledge of the most

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ancient culture of the modern world; and whether, after the East has been so adaptable in learning from the West, the West with corresponding intelligence will be ready to learn from the East.

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THE TENNYSON ROOM AT LINCOLN

THE city of Lincoln is about to acquire an art museum. Now an art museum is quite obviously something that every city ought to possess; but Lincoln's is to be an art museum with a difference, for in it will be set apart a room in honor of Lord Tennyson, which will be especially appropriate in the capital of Lincolnshire, where the poet was born, where he went to school, and where he married. The Tennyson room will be exclusively devoted to books, pictures, and manuscripts, and such of the poet's personal possessions as can be got together.

The project has long been under consideration, but was delayed by the war and the disastrous days that followed it. An English observer notes that the preliminary meeting held in Lincoln a few weeks ago to eulogize the great Victorian and plan his memorial 'was on the whole an elderly assembly,' and adds that 'the tone of the speeches was at times a little defiant, as well as regretful, at the passing of the days when a new Tennyson volume was an intellectual event.'

The famous actress, Miss Lillah McCarthy, — once Mrs. Granville Barker and now Lady Keeble, — recited 'Crossing the Bar' and some verses from 'In Memoriam.' Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen College, Oxford, a friend of Tennyson's until his death, insisted that the very attacks upon Tennyson, which are now in fashion among critics, indicate that he is once more acquiring a public. Unblushingly admitting the conventional charge of Victorianism, he countered with the assertion that Tennyson is no more Victorian than Shakespeare is Elizabethan or Pope an Augustan of the age of Queen Anne.

Sir Herbert has for some years amused himself by collecting a list of quotations from Tennyson used as the titles of books or pictures. He finds that there has scarcely been an exhibition at the Royal Academy for fifty years that did not contain several pictures inspired by Tennyson's verses; a fact — though this probably did not occur to Sir Herbert — which will not especially awe the wild young men of modern literary London, who hold academies in respect no whit higher than they hold Victoria's laureate.

✤

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S UNKNOWN WRITINGS

THE discovery of two unknown articles from the pen of Dr. Johnson stands to the credit of Mr. B. W. Evans, who contributes a regular weekly article to the *Observer* under the name of 'Penguin,' and who is likewise a director of the London publishing firm of Elkin Mathews.

The mighty Doctor, lazy though he was, wrote a good deal more than any of his editors has ever been able to gather up. Mr. Evans has run down a poem signed by 'Mr. S. Johnson,' which is certainly of the Doctor's writing, and which appeared in the first edition of the *St. James Magazine* for February 1764. In the memoir of the author appended to the 1785 edition of John Scott's *Critical Essays* Mr. Evans found a letter from the Doctor showing that Johnson himself intended to write the memoir of Scott, but died before he could do so.

'This,' says Mr. Evans, 'escaped even Dr. Birbeck Hill's vigilance and is not included in any collection of Dr. Johnson's letters.'

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THREE MILLION PUFFINS

PROFESSOR J. ARTHUR THOMSON — well known to everyone for his characteristically British skill as a writer of popular science, though at the same time a scientist of distinction — describes for *T. P's and Cassell's Weekly* the bird sanctuaries in the Hebrides, which, he asserts, once housed at least three million puffins. The estimate is rather an old one, and the number of birds may by this time have somewhat decreased, but their numbers are still incredible.

The cliffs rise in shelves for two or three hundred feet like a gigantic bookcase, ending at the top in a layer of turf and soft soil in which the birds can burrow. These sea birds are compelled to live in colonies, because places suited to their peculiar habits are not very common. The cliff must be broken into shelves or ledges, the rock must not crumble, it must not be dripping wet, and as the nesting-habits make protection difficult, the spot where the birds nest must be practically inaccessible save from the air.

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THE WHALE VERSIFIED

MR. GEOFFREY DEARNER, a young English poet with a whimsical fondness for whimsical animals, — an adjective which our friend the whale unquestionably deserves, — has delivered himself of the following rhapsody in the *Westminster Gazette:* —

Whales, common once, now everywhere
Through overpersecution rare,
Breathe out white spray in fountain jets
And are n't advisable as pets.

The Sperm, the largest whale that blows,
Prefers a long truncated nose;
His teeth are numerous, he can
Ingurgitate the largest man.

He never like the Right Whale banked on
Pteropods and other plankton,
For the 'Black' or 'Right' Whales live
By gulping through a sort of sieve.

Not so the Sperm, his favorite dish
Is octopus and cuttlefish,
He 'll go for miles pursuing these
Inviting monsters of the seas.

And giant squid, whose waving arms
Fill even the best of us with qualms,
Delight this whale who does n't shrink
From rasping tongues and beaks and ink.

I saw once (or I think I did)
Six cuttlefishes and a squid
Chased by a hungry Catchalot.
I saw that whale dispatch the lot!

A square meal worthy of a whale
Quite eighty feet from tip to tail;
I watched him go superbly by
And caught one tiny, porthold eye.

The Grampus much prefers a meal
Of fish, or, even better, seal;
His dorsal fin is like a sail
Of death; he is the Killer Whale.

The Sperm Whale is the finest hulk,
However, both for brawn and bulk,
And woe betide the boat that fails
To strike and hold this prince of whales!

✽

THE LITERARY LODGER

AN amusing tale, which illustrates both the housing crisis as it still exists in Paris and the devious ways of literary folk, comes from *Le Soir*. Not long since, M. Pierre Bost, author of the prize novel, *Homicide par imprudence*, followed up his earlier success with a volume of short stories. M. Bost, who was engaged to be married, was looking for an apartment, — which in Paris is a discouraging business, — and in the preface to his book casually mentioned his quest. Presto! A sympathetic reader wrote to offer lodgings to the homeless author.

Another example of the fact that 'they order these matters better in France.'

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BOOKS ABROAD

Menace from the Moon, by Bohun Lynch. London: Jarrolds, 1925, 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Daily Herald*]

SUPPOSE you woke up one morning and read in the 'stunt' press that the men on the planet Mars were endeavoring to communicate with the earth by means of an — at present — unintelligible script projected on to clouds and fog-banks by a 'telecinema,' what would you do? You would be mildly excited, no doubt, but you would eat your usual hearty breakfast and catch your usual train, tram, or bus.

But suppose that two days later the script was translated by a leading scientist, and you read this message sent, not from Mars, but from the Moon: —

> To all men dwelling on earth. Behold a message from the moon. We sending are men who are like dwellers on earth. We are the descendants of three men: Cornelius Drebbel of Alkmar, Richard Kitto of Cornwall, Pietro Paolini of Capootza, and their women. These three men with their women rose to the moon by the help of an admirable machine in the year of your Lord 1654. We are in painful distress. Answer us by the direct parallel length light from London. Help! Help!

And suppose, further, that in a second message the Moonfolk, angry at the earth's indifference, threatened, if help were not sent in a month, to destroy the whole earth with an Invisible Death Ray?

Perhaps even then many of us would remain scornfully incredulous. But if a week later the coast of the Riviera were scorched with an appalling life-destroying heat-wave, if a whole town in France were suddenly blotted out, even the most skeptical individuals would be affected and react according to their lights.

But, needless to say, the final disaster is averted. How and why I will not disclose, for that would spoil a good story and a clever anti-climax.

Such is the plot of Mr. Lynch's 'scientific romance.'

The subject and the treatment challenge a comparison with the famous romances of Mr. H. G. Wells. I will not pretend that *Menace from the Moon* is quite as satisfying, or so credible, as the *War in the Air* or *Food of the Gods.* For, though — or perhaps because — the scientific machinery is supplied by a professor, that part of the story is not so interesting or even so convincing as Mr. Wells's work. For the ignorant layman like myself it is too technical. Nor is any character so human as Bert Smallways.

Nevertheless *Menace from the Moon* is a thriller and a good one. Once through the first few chapters, the reader will not put the book down till he reaches the end. And that, after all, is the true test of a good yarn.

Letters from England, by Karel Čapek, translated by Paul Selver. London: Bles, 7*s.* 6*d.* 1925.

[*Sunday Times*]

WHEN Professor Leacock discovered England a year or two ago he was good enough to tell us the kind of amiable lunatics we really were. Now the author of that successful play, *R. U. R.*, has done likewise, and in a very short book, packed full with Chestertonian drawings from his own pen, describes his adventures among us.

It would seem that Britain is a rather more remarkable place than most of us had believed. London in particular is fantastic. It smells of petrol, burned grass, and tallow. Its policemen are demigods; and how the natives manage to survive the rush of traffic and the blare and the roar and the ugly streets is beyond Mr. Čapek's understanding.

But we have trees and cathedrals which are well worth examination, and we are allowed to walk on the grass, — sure symbol of the best kind of liberty, — and although our Sundays are unspeakable and the language of our bus conductors is harder to understand than Chinese, we are kind and hospitable, and have invented Bernard Shaw and Madame Tussaud's.

The little book is quaintly amusing, ironical at times, but never ill-natured. Mr. Čapek seems to have enjoyed his short sojourn among us, and his letters home make up an enjoyable souvenir.

Arnold Bennett, by Mrs. Arnold Bennett. London: A. M. Philpot, Ltd., 1925. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Westminster Gazette*]

WIVES of great men now remind us that of the making of biographies there is no end, and there are times when we are inclined to hold up our hands for mercy and cry, 'Kamerad!' We have

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had biographies and autobiographies and diaries; we have had penny-in-the-slot glimpses of generals, disgruntled and otherwise, of editors, of statesmen, of prize-fighters, and ex-emperors, of the wives of these people, and of the ladies of their entourage who enjoyed their friendship in the capacity of governess or typist. And now we are presented with another such glimpse — of Arnold Bennett, by his wife. It certainly has the merit of being unique of its kind; not one of the others — no, not even the books called *My Life at Court, by an ex-Kitchenmaid* — is quite like this study of Mr. Bennett by 'the lady who knows him best,' to quote the wrapper.

We learn from it that Mr. Bennett always makes his own cup of tea, though he has 'people at his disposal' (a lady secretary and many servants), that he rests after lunch, that 'his nervous system requires that he shall have central heating in his house, plenty of light, first-class food, the best wines, cigars, and cigarettes, a comfortable bed'; in fact, that one of his favorite remarks is that 'the best is good enough for me.' Mrs. Bennett damns her husband with faint praise; but she admits frankly that when she first saw his flat in Paris she felt at once, 'This is the right atmosphere for me,' and that 'I myself see no harm in luxury — I adore it.'

On the jacket of the book we are told that it is 'a penetrating study of the famous novelist,' that for the first time the 'psychology of genius in the home' has been 'frankly treated,' as apart from fiction. But perhaps it will not be the last time. An eager world breathlessly awaits further revelations about its men and women of genius. Does Mr. Shaw prefer risotto or spaghetti? What *does* Miss Dell do when she knocks off work for the day? Does Mr. Douglas Fairbanks employ an understudy if his bath is too cold? What is Mr. Baldwin's favorite brand of tobacco? There is no end to the vista of subtle interpretation that opens out before us until the lives of all the great shall be shorn of their mystery.

The George and the Crown, by Sheila Kaye-Smith, London: Cassell, 1925. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co., 1925. $2.00.

[*Observer*]

None of Miss Kaye-Smith's books is more agreeably soaked than this one in its Sussex environment. Between cover and cover we are wholly surrendered to the scale, the interests, and the temper of its rural life; we don't want anything more pretentious for mental occupation than the slipshod management of 'The George,' the pathetic bachelor menage at the vicarage, and the manifest perils of a 'temperament' like Belle Shackford's. We *are* in Sussex for the time being, and quite content to be there, because, although Daniel Sheather is a young man who will clearly never cut much ice, and Belle resorts to the pincushion too much in the draping of her voluptuous figure, and Ernley Munk has the objectionable traits of the unlicked provincial egotist, they are all far too real in their humanity to be impatiently passed over. Few novels capture one so completely for the view that class is only skin-deep and that manhood and womanhood are of the same dimensions everywhere. *The George and the Crown* recalls *The Woodlanders* in that respect; and after saying so, there is scarcely need to label it with formal praise.

But Miss Kaye-Smith's command of *genius loci* is not confined to Sussex. When the story takes her to Sark, it acquires the same convincing impress of another distinctive community, hard, narrow, and self-complacent, in which even Daniel Sheather's adaptable personality cannot make itself at home. Daniel is 'the sort of man that women make a refuge of,' and in the course of the persuasive tale we can watch the process on the part of three of them. The idyll of his brief matrimony in Sark is an exquisite one, but the power of the book lies in its inspiration with the essential worthiness of life — which is the true 'treasure of the humble.'

Commercial Year-Book of the Soviet Union, 1925. Compiled and edited by Louis Segal and A. A. Santalov. London: Allen & Unwin, 1925. 6*s*.

[*Saturday Review*]

This book is the first attempt to give anything like a full account of the various commercial activities of the Soviet Union. It has profited much by following the arrangement of the old *Russian Year Book*, which was one of the most useful guides to foreign trade that could be imagined. This book contains the latest statistics published as to industry, agriculture, foreign trade and finance, and besides this gives us an account of the constitution, patent laws, and customs tariffs of Russia under the present rulers. We suppose the statistics are as much to be relied on as Russian statistics have always been. We remember that they used to vary according to the ministry that issued them.

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WINS PULITZER PRIZE

M. A. DeWOLFE HOWE

The Pulitzer Prize for the best biography of 1924 is awarded to Mr. Howe for his book

BARRETT WENDELL
AND HIS LETTERS

The decision of the judges in this award confirms the opinion of such critics as Stuart Sherman, who said of Mr. Howe, "He is one of the finest masters of the biographic art now practicing in America," and pronounced his book "a superb biography, moving and significant."

Readers of Mr. Howe's many notable books will find another treat in this biography in which one of the most brilliant of critics lives again.

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Concerning
One John W. Thomason Jr.

"Fix Bayonets!" by John W. Thomason Jr., Captain, U. S. Marine Corps, is in the June Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

We call your attention to it without undue beating of the drums because we believe your enjoyment of it will be all the keener because we have done so.

* * *

We are being very modest this week because we have something to be modest about.

* * *

There is a long story in connection with the unearthing of this piece of writing.

* * *

It turns about the fact that Laurence Stallings — literary critic of the *New York World* whose play "What Price Glory?" is still giving the lie to those who say that people are tired of "war stuff" — when he was a brand new lieutenant in the Marines, saw this captain sketching.

* * *

During the war Stallings heard much of his prowess as a company commander and of his odd habit of drawing pictures at any and all times.

* * *

After the war, Stallings saw Captain Thomason's sketch-book which was started with burnt matches in Belleau Wood.

* * *

It was only when the matter of text to go with a number of these drawings in the Magazine came up that we discovered he had been writing as well as drawing.

* * *

"Fix Bayonets! The Charge at Soissons" by John W. Thomason Jr., illustrated by drawings by the author, leads the June number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

There is no harm in telling you that Stallings thinks it's great stuff.

* * *

And that Alexander Woollcott, dramatic critic, who also was in the fighting, calls it "magnificent."

* * *

And that W. C. Brownell, without the bias of participation in the struggle, declares it a remarkable piece of work.

* * *

And that, in our altogether worthless opinion, you will hear rather more than a considerable amount about "Fix Bayonets!" and about John W. Thomason Jr. after the June Scribner's Magazine is published on May 26th.

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